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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 7, 1981

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EDITORIAL

'Mankind must end war or war will end mankind'

By Peter C. Newman

This week in Geneva, mankind approaches one of those waterheds that could either carry us to the brink of war or help us float toward peace. The five-nation talks (page 46) will for the first time pit Europeanism against communism. No one knows who will blink first.

The U.S. negotiating team, led by Paul Nitze, a former deputy secretary of defense, will try to bridge the widening abyss between American foreign policy (that being tough is the safest path to peace) and the growing conviction of Western Europeans that their only viable defense is peace—bought at almost any price. The Soviet side of the bargaining table will be chaired by Yuriy Kovtinsky, the second-highest-ranking member of the U.S.S.R.'s mission to Bonn.

While the main topic of their discourse will be the deadly stakes of nuclear-tipped missile deployment, the cards they'll be playing will deal in much higher stakes. What's happening is one of those massive shifts in geopolitics that once in a generation threatens to realign the balance of world alliances.

As nuclear threats by both superpowers lose their credibility, national leaders are beginning to deal with

each other in terms of intentions rather than capabilities. The trick at Geneva will be not so much to force the Russians into dismantling their forests of SS-9 missiles as to stop them from dismembering what is left of NATO's common front. That's why both sides have picked as their chief negotiators seasoned performers fluent in German. They'll be attempting in their nightly TV briefings to sway West German public opinion. "The object of this negotiation," admits Richard Potts, the U.S. assistant secretary of defense for international security policy, "is the steelworker in the Ruhr." The Russians will be portraying Helmut Schmidt as a pawn between the two superpowers, trying to weaken the resolve of the alliance's strongest European member.

NATO has always been a fragile road but it remains an invaluable hostage to Washington's noble intentions of helping defend democracy east of Staten Island. The world is in the process of sea-change, as Murray Kempton, the New York essayist has noted. "The beavers of the myth of every decade seem to carry in their hands the axe and the spade to execute and alter the myth of the previous one."

We must run from the myth of solitude and mutual hostility to the fact of international community. And fast.

December 7, 1981

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Laying the blame

Surely it's unfair enough to place all the blame for the trials of the '80s on the government without glorifying it. Adding Finance Minister Allan Rock to the list of scapegoats (*Budget '81: The Gathering Storm*, Cover, Nov. 20). Isn't it too easy an escape from our own responsibilities as citizens? As we sip our expensive wines and attend the football games, at \$20 a ticket, may be we should remind ourselves of the hardships of past generations. Is there any chance of convincing the present generation that giving and serving are the greatest achievements of the human spirit?

—A. MACVANEEN
Port Credit, Ont.

Your cover story *winning, PM's The Stole Door Opens Again*, is misleading. It is far from age! The government's "announcement" on budget might merely mean that the difficulties being encountered by foreigners who wish to invest in Canada will not be increased. The significant time delays and uncertainties in dealing with the Foreign Investment Review Agency can hardly be viewed as an open door.

—MURRAY J. FENELMAN
Thornhill, Ont.

My parents have been farmers all their lives. They decided, after 35 years of hard labor, to sell the farm and retire. Now, because of Maclean's budget and new tax laws, they have come to the sad realization that they can't afford to retire. What is going to happen to our



Allan MacEwen/Star gleeing and standing

farmers? A farmer has little income when he retires. When he sells, that is his pension. It's about twice the government gave some consideration to our farmers.

—LUTHA PRADON
Ancaster, Ont.

Laughable serfdom

Your article *A Fair Cry From These 21-on-Hour Days* (Canada, Nov. 23) is sloppy reporting. You imply that in Thierford Mines the operators were all American-owned. One company was all Canadian-owned, one was 49 to 50 per cent Canadian-owned and the remaining one was British-owned. The three other companies were American-owned, but the only one of any size was owned in Australia. The strike you re-

ferred to was not basically over money, but because the unions were demanding to take over many of management's prerogatives. And your statement that Anheuser Corp. "has been a symbol of the worst of Quebec worker servility and poverty" is so ridiculous that it is laughable.

—STANLEY GIBB
Pointe Claire, Que.

No greater friend hath a man

Treat Fraser seemed surprised that Charles Taylor was not prepared to sell his horse, Northern Dancer (Horseman, Nov. 20). If Taylor is "stupid" and Northern Dancer is 20, then Taylor probably paid him as a fool, watched him as a colt and yearling and then a horse now that he is, in effect, a very old man. I don't think anyone should be surprised that one does not sell one's old friends for money.

—C.Y. BOWEN
Ottawa

Our Mistake

In our Oct. 30 issue, we unfortunately placed a full-color advertising insert on luxury automobiles in the middle of our cover story analyzing the recent Gaudin Conference in Mexico. . . . an inconspicuous situation brought about by a series of unfortunate events. We must emphasize that the placement of this advertisement within the environment of the Gaudin Conference story was the full responsibility of the magazine and in no way should reflect on the integrity of the advertisement.

—LLOYD M. HODGKINSON
Publisher

PASSAGES



DECEASED: Charles (Tex) Thornton, 68, the entrepreneur who built the tiny California-based Lotus Industries Inc. into a giant conglomerate of cancer in Los Angeles, Calif. After the Second World War, the Texan-born Thornton went to work for Henry Ford II and Howard Hughes, building up their companies until he bought his own in 1962 for \$1 million. Within three years he built up the small microwave company's annual sales to \$100 million.

DECEASED: Manitoba's highest-ranking civil servant, Derek Redden, 66, the secretary to the cabinet and deputy minister to the premier, by press-release. Howard-Powley Redden, a word of who is remembered in protest, had been

since a 20-year institution serving the past four premiers—Duft Raddin, Walter Weir, Edward Schreyer and Sterling Lyon. Powley has also fired 23 executive assistants to the previous Conservative cabinet ministers since his New Democratic Party swept into power on Nov. 17.



MARRIED: Actress Susan Saint James, 35, and Saturday Night Live producer Dick Chernick, 34, at her home in Hollywood, Calif. The marriage surprised gossip columnists, who have been speculating recently that the former star of *McHale's Navy* had become romantically involved with Senator Edward Kennedy. Saint James worked with him then fell as national chairman of the Kennedy family-sponsored Special Olympics.



DECEASED: Actor Jack Albertson, 74, star of the TV series *Glenn and the Man*, of cancer, in Hollywood, Calif. Specializing in crusty paternal figures, Albertson was a Tony and an Oscar for his portrayal of the father in both the play and the film version of *The Subject Was Roses*.

DECEASED: Little Leags, 68, in Manhattan. The Vassar-born singer and character actress (*From Russia with Love*, *Semi-Parade*) was known primarily for her unwatched interpretations of the songs of her late husband, Kurt Weill. She first gained fame in the 1936 German version of *Bertolt Brecht's* *The Threepenny Opera* and also starred in the Broadway version after she and Weill fled Germany in 1933.

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Changing alone

Your article "Why You Can't Get There From Here" (Cover, Nov. 5) was excellent, but you missed an important point: trains are the only feasible way for young families to travel. Small children need space to move around in, and trains are the only mode of transportation that offers the luxury. Places might not travel long lines, so young children could stand the trip, but who can afford air travel with only meagerly few railroads offered for children? Families have rights too. Bring back these trains you arrogant, unfeeling "Urbanists!"

—STEPHEN AND MAUREN BEHN,
Vancouver, B.C.

I enjoyed your cover story on the Via Rail cuts, but the article contains a major "two-see." A quote attributed to Mr. Lee Benjamin states that "...transcontinental service averaged 43 mph in 1988." This must have been quite a feat, considering that our first transcontinental railway was not completed until three years later. Every red-blooded Canadian knows that the last spike of the CPR was driven at Osgoodeville, B.C., on Nov. 5, 1885. It is a shame to cast doubt upon the expertise of such a seasoned stage through a minor historical error.

—RALPH BAINBRIDGE

Edmonton, Alta., Oct.

You claim that the Via Rail cuts and downsizing of service will affect more than a million Canadians. Your calculations are a little fuzzy. The 6.5 million figure you quote represents



Protesters bring back those trains

"carriages," which is a count of tickets sold. Obviously many Via users are regular customers who make repeated trips. Hence, your inference that one in every 24 Canadians is affected is nonsense. We don't need so sentimental by Markham to stand the debate.

—A.D. CAUTHIER,
Mississauga

The call of the yahoos

Wendy Dennis is wrong in blaming television for the yapping yahoos that fill all news in news channels (Podium, Nov. 5). Television has contributed to a decline in manners, but the big culprit is the type of news of which the best and worst examples in the Rocky Horror Picture Show Camp-out version of this life encourage those who frequent them to participate (talk, respond, show broadcast or light speakers). Then when the jinks go to a regular movie, they find it difficult to break the habit of being boorish.

—ED GOULD

Victoria, B.C.

Wendy Dennis had some valid points, but I fail to see why, in this International Year of Disabled Persons, name-calling should erupt in a magazine of Western's reputation. The word "moron" and the comment about the rest "whose by here an unending responsibility to live alone" were uncalled-for slurs. She could have proved her point without the use of these offensive, harmful terms.

—ROSEY DAY

Fredericton, Ont.

In regard to Wendy Dennis' "A Temperament for David Byrne, Who's Next?"

—TERENCE BEHN
Regina

A mysterious package

It is interesting that Joe Clark is taking advice from an acting coach (Canada, Nov. 5). This week-end issue is a problem, but his real problem is that he offers no alternative solutions to the government policies he criticizes. His blustering debates in the Commons serve no constructive purpose. This is a better problem to ask an acting coach to solve.

—SOLJ ROTOBO

Charlottetown

Certainly packaging is an important substance in politics, but it's not going to get Clark back in the prime minister's office. I must confess that I, like a lot of other Liberals, would prefer better if a man like Bill Davis ran the PC party, in the unlikely event that they were returned to power. His conduct during the constitutional controversy shows that he is secure enough to be open-minded and flexible.

—STACY LORING

Windsor, B.C.

Even Santa is a problem

Barbara Amiel, in her column *Mardi Gras, Toronto and Big Brother* (Oct. 28), demonstrates a gross ignorance, bordering on racism, of the Bikh religion and the Canadian Human Rights Act. According to her, ethnic communities are not Canadian and should neither demand nor receive any privileges because their religious beliefs are "crude and corrupt" and the history of Canadian society. Instead of applying the human rights tribunal's verdict in the Blinder case, she attacks it and implies that it is only the larger society that is forced to accommodate religious practices. Does Amiel forget that Christmas and Easter are shared with all Canadians?

—GEOFFREY B. BENTLEY
Chairman, Federation of Sikh Societies of Canada, Nepean, Ont.

A war and nobody came

There must have been a misprint in your article on Finland (World, Nov. 5). There was no "Russo-Finnish war" of 1946-47. The wars that took place between 1939 and 1946 are called the wars by the Finns. A new relationship between Helsinki and Moscow was formally stated in 1948.

—PAUL M. ALSTON
Montreal

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Crippling the long arm of the law

By Mac Haig

In the past five years 32 Canadians were killed by convicts free either on parole or mandatory supervision. That's more than one Canadian killed every month from 1976 to 1986 under the auspices of a federal government that, paradoxically, shudders at the thought of state execution of even the most vicious or diabolical killers. The statistics in hand-bagging, and it's a scandal. In the past few months parolees have been charged with three murders and one attempted murder in Ontario alone. On Oct. 25, it was revealed in the House of Commons that Clifford Olson, the British Columbia man charged in the multiple murders of youths in that province, was free on mandatory supervision at the time of the killings.

The seriousness of the problem has been brought to the attention of correctional authorities by the Solicitor General's Study of Conditional Release, a report that pays lip service to the need for protection of the public from criminal violence, referring to "the unquestionable seriousness of the violent crimes which have occurred." But it goes on to buffer the parole system against any ill-desired backlash. The study group that prepared the report, made up of members of the National Parole Board, Correctional Service Canada and the secretariat for the ministry of the solicitor general, gives short shrift to the startling evidence buried halfway through the report. It is stated, for instance, that the violence of parolees is "often exaggerated" and that an impression of a high incidence of violent randoms is a distorted one, as if 32 lives lost were an acceptable price for so-called enlightened reform.

The statistics speak for themselves: during the five-year period studied, 44 convicts out on parole or mandatory supervision were convicted of murder, 30 more were convicted of manslaughter, and we'll never know how many of these were murder charges reduced to manslaughter because of the legal technicalities that are a part of so many trials. In addition, two convicts out on parole were convicted of criminal negligence causing death, not to mention 13 attempted murders, 35 rapes and attempted rapes, 27 other sexual assaults, 33 kidnappings or forcible confinements and 179 assorted assaults and wrongdoings. And, of course, these statistics cannot take into account the unsolved crimes or those for which accused parolees were acquitted. For the low-riding crime it is, in a word, frightening.

If there had been capital punishment during these five years and one mistake had been made, just one, the outcry from the civil libertarian rabble, which has influence far beyond its numbers, would have been deafening. "Just one mistake," they'd say, "is one too many" (and this is the only valid argument about capital punishment). But here we have at least 72 fatal mistakes, and the civil libertarians, their perverted values exposed by their silence, say nothing. But not to worry, says the study group, there were lots of other convicts

released before their sentences were up who committed as many crimes. The report indicates that only 3,203, or 35.5 per cent of a total of about 90,000 convicts released on parole or mandatory supervision in the five-year period, lost their freedom because of criminal activity.

Yet it is not about stolen hubcaps or phony cheques that I am outraged. It is about human lives—unsaved human lives. If a guy steals my car, or several cars, he likely deserves another chance, or even several chances. But when he crushes my soul in the process, he forfeits the right to that consideration—a distinction the parole board and, indeed, too many legislators and judges, fail to make. In 1971 when former Liberal solicitor general Jean-Pierre Goyer said, "We have decided from now on to restore the rehabilitation of individuals rather than protection of society"—about as irresponsible a government policy as can be imagined—he surely and tragically meant it. His deadly legacy survives.

Dangerous convicts and/or mental patients are continuously being released into unsupporting communities. Take the case of James Oag, a particularly dangerous two-time killer from London, Ont. When Oag failed to return from a temporary absence last year, a prison official explained that "he enjoyed his privilege and he had to be reintegrated into society," a life sentence notwithstanding and, apparently, public safety be damned. Though he was eventually captured, this was a man who had repeatedly threatened to torture and kill a prosecution witness and a fellow inmate when he got out—her well-being was apparently of no concern—and who had killed a second time while in prison. And a few years ago there was the tragic case in British Columbia of the sex offender who murdered a prison guard's daughter while free on a three-day pass, and the guy in Quebec, imprisoned for strangling his wife, who was temporarily released less than two years later to marry the "other woman," then promptly disappeared incredibly, but true.

But to chastise the parole system in isolation would perhaps be unfair, for it is only part of the legal-penal process through which a permissive media and the legislation and policies it engenders now fuel, rather than deter, crime and criminals. The law is a game that lawyers play, too often to the public detriment, and the result is a system that protects the wrongdoers but not the wronged. There simply must be more stringent regulations imposed to govern the release of violent and potentially violent criminals. Solicitor General Bob Kaplan should order immediate implementation of such regulations and a thorough review of the 32 needless deaths. Surely if society dictates that no one should be imprisoned unless his crime is proved beyond a reasonable doubt, case imprisoned, that person should not be freed unless the safety of innocent citizens can be assured beyond a reasonable doubt.

Mac Haig is a reporter for The London Free Press in London, Ont.



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A chess player's moves to the top

A Victorian-style intellectual becomes ambassador in Reagan's rough-hewn Washington

By Linda McQuinn

When boys at a final British camp near Winnipeg wanted to learn how to guggle a canoe or climb a tree, Allan Gottlieb was about the last counselor they turned to for help. In a setting where most young men were keen to prove their ruggedness, Gottlieb seemed clear of sports and

dreamed of being in the foreign service. This week, at 65, he takes up the prestigious post of Canadian ambassador to the U.S. But while Gottlieb is undoubtedly well-versed in the complexities of Canadian-American relations—he has served in the powerful post of undersecretary of state for external affairs for four years—he is sure to find the challenge waiting for him in Wash-

ington a change from those he has faced in the past. With relations between Canada and the United States at a post-war low, Gottlieb will have to be part salesman, part mediator. The role is an odd one for a man whose intellectual and artistic bent makes him, according to one friend, best suited to being director of the National Gallery.

Not will he have the luxury of staying in gradually. Right away, Gottlieb will have to deal with an intimidating mix of American politicians, officials and businessmen intent on bulldozing the Canadian government into water ing down the minimum trade threat of the National Energy Program and Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA). Gottlieb insists that Canada plans to stick to its position, but given so much of how hard he's prepared to push, sidestepping the issue with bland assertions about the need to keep an open mind. "If we don't listen to them, they don't listen to us." So far, Canada has been listening quite well. Ottawa has already shown its willingness to kneel under to loud Yankee gonging by shelving plans—to temporarily at least—to toughen FIRA's already weak provisions to screen foreign investment. Ironically, Canada's nationalistic energy regulations are far milder than those in Britain, Norway, Mexico, Australia and other western oil-producing countries. A big part of Gottlieb's job will be to remind the disgruntled Americans that even with Ottawa's nationalistic rules, Canada is still one of the freest trade movement climates around.

While there's little doubt Gottlieb can deliver this message, some question how much impact it will have coming from him. Gottlieb would have probably fit in well with the Washington crowd of the Kennedy or even Carter administrations, and some suggest his appointment must have been planned long before Reagan's victory. Gottlieb's impressive intellectual credentials—he stood first in his Harvard law class and taught private international law at Oxford—could well antagonize the rough-hewn anti-intellectuals who now populate Congress and the Reagan administration. However, he has the relaxed, disheveled style that makes for easy rapport with strangers. Gottlieb insists this won't be a problem. "I honestly don't have any doubts it can rise to the occasion," he says. "I'm a pretty adaptable fellow. I'm a man of strong opinion and



Gottlieb with antique Grandfather clock; Canadian Embassy in Washington below: "sharp allows in Ottawa comfort"

confided his competitive activities largely to the chess board. "The campers could have been off downing for all I know," recalls assistant camper Larry Bolt, now a television producer. "The campers he dangled Gottlieb was off somewhere reading Schopenhauer."

Gottlieb's ability to see in so what is important to him—whether it's a game of chess, an arcane twist of international law or the labyrinthine paths to power in the civil service—has propelled him to exactly where he has always wanted to be. As a pumped-up child in the rich south end of Winnipeg, he



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- Separate the cream from the milk
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ZWILLING

I'm not particularly proud." But no matter how aristocratic Gottlieb is, Reagan's quest, with their strange geo-business sentiments, may not be inclined to batter when a man with as business background starts talking to them about business. "What's needed is someone who can stay up all night drinking scotch with these guys," says one observer, who goes so far as to suggest that Reagan officials may take the Gottlieb appointment as an insult. "If the prime minister had sent down their kind of person, the gesture is itself would have been appreciated. This may be's sending down an intellectual and essentially saying to the Americans screw you."

The son of a well-to-do merchant, Gottlieb grew up in an elegant house in south Winnipeg and displays the manners and tastes of a refined academic. In wire-rimmed glasses and a dark brown corduroy suit that looks like velvet, Gottlieb looks very much the Victorian man he considers himself to be. An avid art collector, he began buying 19th- and 20th-century prints while he was in Oxford, and his Titian collection was exhibited last year at the Art Gallery of Ontario. Gottlieb even toys with the idea of opening his own private gallery after he gets out of the civil service. "Allan can get more heated over a painting than over a world crisis," says Rolf Moe, exterior rail. Gottlieb has a collection of hand-carved 18th-, 19th- and 20th-century chairs sets from Europe and Asia. Among his collection of off-

prints circa 1980. Gottlieb is accustomed to getting ahead on the strength of his intellect. His string of academic credits sounds like that of a college dean, and in fact he has been approached to head university institutes and law schools. It was his sharp mind and grasp of issues that caught Trudeau's attention in 1968 after Gottlieb joined External Affairs. Trudeau, who was then justice minister, asked Gottlieb for his views on foreign affairs and was apparently so impressed by the long voluminous he received that he incorporated some of Gottlieb's ideas into his early foreign

policy platform as prime minister. From there, Gottlieb moved quickly through the ranks of the civil service, becoming deputy minister of communications and then deputy in the key department of manpower and immigration—both areas in which he had little expertise. He has maintained a close association with the prime minister ever the years and served as Trudeau's personal representative in dealings with foreign governments at last summer's economic summit in Ottawa and Mont-



With wife, Bonnie, at home in Ottawa: "My pump little duck"

bell. He remains one of a handful of people with easy access to Trudeau. But Max Yalden, Canada's commissioner of official languages and a longtime friend, insists when he hears people say that Gottlieb's career has accelerated because of his closeness with Trudeau. "It's not as if Allan was a childhood friend to whom Trudeau's given a pass. He got Trudeau's respect because of competency, they respect one another."

Partly because of his ties to Trudeau—and close Trudeau associates Jim Coates and Michael Peleford—Gottlieb is known in Ottawa as a shrewd political insider who has stepped on more than a few toes on his climb through the ranks.



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With Trudeau: mutual glory and respect

Even a close friend describes him as having "sharp edges in Ottawa corridors." And some of those who have worked for him are laughing. "There have been two kinds of bureaucrats in Ottawa: from 1968 on," says Boris Delonoy, a retired economist who served under Goffin at Manpower and Immigration. In the early '70s "One kind appreciates the story of the country, and the other kind goes for the glory of Trudeau. Goffin is the second kind." Flora MacDonald levelled a few thinly disguised attacks on Goffin, who was her deputy while she served briefly as minister of external affairs. In speeches and articles after leaving office, MacDonald lashed out against senior mandarins who try to usurp ministerial power and freedom of action. She accused them of using "extraneous devices," of leaving decisions to her desk too late for adequate consideration before cabinet meetings and somehow getting possession of cabinet rooms designed exclusively for her eyes. MacDonald denies she meant to smile at Goffin. "I'm not sure every deputy minister wasn't part of that system."

Striding in the spacious anteroom to his office, Goffin looks surprising but ruthless and Macdonald-like. In fact, he comes across as pleasant but firm and is not given to personal revelations. Brooding important childhood influences, he goes in not to his family, but to the strong internationalist sentiment

in Winnipeg in the '30s. "When was the basis of the economy? People looked to the world to sell their products." He has, however, developed a reputation for throwing lively parties at his state house nestled in among the embassies and estates of Ottawa's Rockcliffe Park. Goffin also has a varied assortment of friends, from top mandarins and politicians to novelist Margaret Atwood and the eccentric Zeff, who used to stay with the Goffins and these three children whenever he was in Ottawa. Zeff says he and Goffin have been friends for years, despite the fact that "I have about as much in common with him as I do with a Minsky-Peggyan tractor."

On the surface, Goffin's wife, Sandra, doesn't appear to have much more in common with her husband. Looking slightly sloppy and out of place in her own living room, tastefully decorated with art-deco and art-nouveau pieces, Sandra, an award-winning poetess, is as brazen as he is mild-mannered. She grew up chubby, self-indulgent and ascetic—a childhood she documents in rich detail in her autobiographical novel *True Confessions*. Into her rather mediocre Winnipeg existence Allan Guthrie, Maria Mandel, as he's known in the novel—plunged with all the grace of a fine Cognac, appearing as an intellectual god returned from the exotic world of Oxford. But he quickly bridled the huge gulf between them at their first meeting. Moments after he handed him a bowl of simple walnut ice cream at a party, he looked up from his chess set and replied, "Well, my plump little duck, let's go upstairs where it's quiet so I can learn all about you." They had known each other only nine days when their suburban families trapped them into becoming engaged during a long-distance telephone call with a poor connection. Goffin denies he was tricked into marrying Sandra, she replies that he's just being glib.

Sandra's latest novel, *First Lady, Last Lady*—a tale of murder, sex and politics in Ottawa—can't be autobiographical, but it does perhaps contain some insights into the Goffins' lives. Although she wears the characters as fetters this time, Sandra admits she identifies somewhat with the heroine, an ambitious woman who has learned to advance her husband into 24 hours a day. If that isn't enough to make Canadians officially wince, there's the question of just what Sandra will choose to write about next, with the Washington visits spread out so invitingly before her. Certainly if any future Goffin social functions in Washington find the new ambassador too stiff or academic, they can entertain themselves wondering in what form they may appear in Sandra's next book. ☺

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Warfare in the corridors of power

By Marc McDonald

Watching the crowds whooping over François Mitterrand's Socialist victory on the Place de la Bastille last May, recalling another long-ago French revolution, the thought of one Paris banker turned to carry "You know," he said, "I was pretty sure my own head would roll. But I thought that if there was anyone among us who could survive all right, it would be Pierre Moscovici." Indeed, as chief of France's most powerful banking group, the Compagnie Paribasienne de Paris et des Pays-Bas, known as Paribas, Pierre Moscovici seemed rich in the kind of capital that every other businessman in the country at that moment yearned to claim. A known socialist sympathizer, he had the single asset that matters most in a country where nothing counts as much as who you know: he had friends in the new government. From his gilt office of mirrors, he blithely counted nervous stockholders that, if the bank was in fact on the Social list his list for nationalization, he had persuaded his cronies in the cabinet to spare Paribas' massive international holdings "in an inconvertible optimism," he boasted.

Now, six months after Mitterrand's new regime seized power, as the crisis Pierre Moscovici, who has suddenly become the charged symbol at the swirling storm centre of France's nationalization drama. A fallen hero to one side and a victim of his own beliefs to the other, he has emerged over the past month as both a scapegoat and a test case in a supposed doctrine of secret stock transfers, government expropriations, hysterical handlines and vicious parliamentary maneuvering. By outbidding the government's stockholders desperate to swallow his entire intricate international Paribas pyramid, in a takeover swiftly and surreptitiously carried out by essentially "emptying" it of its immensely profitable Swiss and Belgian subsidiaries, he provoked first the justification of his former socialist friends, then their wrath.

Shown up before the financial world for what one English commentator called their "tragic mistake," the Socialists grudgingly forced his resignation last month, the government charged him with two charges based on unrelated exchange fraud investigations, which date back over a year and smack of nothing as clearly as other "corruption" charges leveled by the newly installed prime minister, Pierre



Embattled Moscovici of Paribas, humiliated former socialist devotee



Prime Minister Mauroy: open with care

Mauroy, denounced Moscovici's "unlucky mentality"—a decidedly French slur likening him to rogues who fled the shambled 1789 revolution. In that aside, the plot for taking state control of the largest slice of private industry and banking in any major Western nation, since the Second World War suddenly turned from a royal all-princelet negotiation into what the Paris daily *Le Monde* dubbed "open warfare."

This match as the nationalization bill prepares to go before the French senate, where the opposition majority demands that the bill be amended to limit the bank's holdings, the battle is hardening, as both

sides. With two rallying cries, the government let it be known that its time of negotiation and coexistence with business was getting the curtain. Justice Minister Robert Badinter, a lawyer famous as the defendant's champion, urged his prosecutors to show no mercy to financial dodgers, and Finance Minister Jacques Delors struck terror into the veins of a ministry that he lambasted for having "turned too evasive into a noble art." At dinner parties that have suddenly lost their glitter, the social crime *de la crime* now bubbles about buying jewels in the chateau garden rather than entrusting them to a nationalized safety deposit box and bays visiting foreigners to be walled out of the country. In the past three months, customs police have caught more than \$4 million being hoisted out in hand luggage—most of it at the Swiss border, some of it by bank managers themselves. But they judge this to be merely "the tip of the iceberg."

Paribas international stockholders in the enterprises to be taken over are behind closed hotel doors in London and Brussels in late October, meeting twice to fight what they claim is the French government's inadequate compensation. Some American syndicators estimate compensation to be from one-third to one-half of the stock's real worth, despite the fact that the total reimbursement bill will run to at least \$9 billion. One foreign banker dismissed the "generous" offer as "a mere effort to buy French government bonds. As

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stockholders (known internationally as the "club") could spill over the national stage into overtones as distant as Boca, Hong Kong and Toronto. It was, after all, Paul Desmarais' Montreal-based Power Corp., a 2.5-per-cent shareholder in Paribas, that collaborated with Messias and the American group, A.G. Becker, to pull off the Paribas stock switcheroo. Under the mask of a sleepy unknown Swiss holding company named Paribas, with enough capital which they previously acquired to \$300 million, Power, Becker and a handful of smaller Paribas



Saskatchewan's Alek rose and Desmarais, of Power Corp., chess grand master



shareholders orchestrated a 30-minute shuffle of shares between Paris, Geneva and Brussels worthy of some chess grand master. It ultimately spared majority control of both Paribas Suisse and its Belgian affiliate, Cefeba, out of the hands of the mortise company—and hence the French government. If Power Corp. has since been determined avoiding comment on the subject, it may be because it still feels itself in a squeeze. Since Paribas holds a 20-per-cent share in Power, Desmarais is now left with a distinctly hostile minority force in his group: the very French government he succeeded in outwitting.

But Desmarais is not the only Canadian jostled by Mitterrand's nationalization sweep. From the glassy towers of Toronto's Commerce Court, the board of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (CIBC) has been watching the nationalization of France's 50 private banks. Four of the country's leading banks were nationalized by former French president Charles de Gaulle in 1945 with a resented but silent silence of its own. As a small (less than four per cent) shareholder in the largest of them, Cr dit Commercial de France, it stands to be bought out by the French government under terms that Jean-

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Maxime Lévêque, the nonexecutive Credit Commercial head, decides to just over half of the stock's real worth—a gap by which the CMC could be losing nearly \$6 billion on paper. “But the bank is always very scared of bad publicity,” says a reticent confidential spokesman. “We won’t fight because we don’t want any pressure on what is a very profitable operation in France.”

By embracing France's main industrial groups—the electronic giant, Thomson, and the nuclear contractor, Compagnie Générale d'Electricité, the two electrotechnical leaders, Rhône-Poulenc and Pechiney Ugine Kuhlmann (P.U.K.) and the generalized conglomerate Saint-Gobain Pant & Moussem—the Socialist government is putting its hands on their far-ranging holdings on foreign shores as well. In Canada, those tentacles reach from P.U.K.'s stakes in the Canadian uranium industry so essential to France's nuclear energy program, to the Arco Ltd mine on Saskatchewan's Chalk Lake, the world's richest uranium surface vein, with assets of \$109 million.

Cambodian diplomats have thus been enjoying the controversy from a customary distance. "Our official view is that the Cambodian government is not involved in any way," says one. But other foreign governments threaten a less demure response. After Parisian Belgians shareholders, led by Jean Rey, a former president of the European Community, protest to the United Nations, the Cambodian ministry might at last begin to defend its citizens' interests along with German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, whose backing explains the London-based *Financial Times* report that the Netherlands has threatened to cut off the French pharmaceutical giant, Roussel Uclaf—still on the automatic list of pariahs—until it won't be touched before negotiations with its majority shareholder, the French government-owned firm, Bouffier Florentz, Hoescht, worldwide, has publicly vowed not to end credit. Says one international lawyer involved with the shareholder suits that could cost Roussel Uclaf 100 million francs: "It's not ideal. Only the lawyers will win."

The answer is not the business community's fary tale that it comes on like lightning, in part, by the belief that Mitterrand wouldn't keep his campaign promises, in part by relations from socialist modernism such as Delors, who privately opposed the Mitterrand bid, even the French executive once initially took the Socialist accession in power with a very wary eye. What it failed to understand was that, as a history buff, Mitterrand was not a naïf, he was not simply on a strategic tact to appease his party's radical left wing and his Communist partners, but as a symbol of his mastery of the "international world."

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Finance Minister Delors, 55, left

of money" he blamed for undermining the French Socialists' only previous foray with power in 1995.

Even when the inevitable because obvious, some still counted on their Frenchmen in high places. To their shock, only the two major industrial groups essential to France's defense industry—Dassault, manufacturer of the crack Mirage fighter jet, and Matra, the electronic weapons that turns out missiles—were exceptions. Both were permitted to keep 49 per cent of their shares in private hands, though the state's 51-per-cent bite is estimated to have cost \$160 million.

There wasn't the slightest capitalist guilt, though, about the take-over of France's two leading steel groups, Usinor and Saelex, which were already virtually nationalized when the previous government had been forced to bail them out three years ago. What roused the business community's ire was the show-bawling realization that the state would control an estimated 46 per cent of the nation's industry and 35 per cent of its credit. Roger François Geayre, retiring president of the country's employers' association "It's ancient, costly and dangerous."

Rova were frogmarching was the news that the nationalized-to-be could no longer draw comfort from the glowing model of the state-owned car manufacturer, Renault, which Charles de Gaulle took over in 1966, and which stands as one of the auto industry's few current success stories. Industry Minister Pierre Dreyfus had assured the company chiefs that the state would keep the same arm's-length relationship with their groups as it had with Renault.

But suddenly Mauroy was telling the National Assembly that the nationalized set only saw nationalization as a tool to fight France's record unemployment

(which topped two million—67 per cent)—last month, but one that they couldn't hesitate to use. He would stop in whenever profits were given top billing over good citizenship. Financiers frayed at the prospect of being forced to create unnecessary jobs. Bankers balked at the thought of being pressured into undesirable but profitable loans. In that climate, business silently cheered the Paribas scandal—what Mauroy termed Pierre Mauroy's "paraffin warfare." But it as quickly became clear it may have been a costly setback.

By charging Mauroy, three Paribas officers and French, switzer bank Pierre-Jean Lathuere with embezzlement in transferring \$5.2 million worth of Lathuere's inherited gold coins to a Royal Bank vault in Edmonton in the summer of 1986, the government unleashed a dangerous new climate of agitation which does not threaten to diminish soon. A week later, other charges against Paribas officials and 55 clients, involving an illegal currency network with Switzerland, were promptly laid, once again based on a year-old investigation, seized and dropped by the old

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De Rothschild, now going on strike

regime. Quipped one bitter banker: "It's the new reign of terror." Lachroix has reportedly had a second nervous breakdown, and Pierre Moisson, only a few months ago named banker of the year by a prestigious international newsletter, now faces the possibility of enormous fines or a five-year prison sentence. Demolished, he has withdrawn behind the closed shutters of his apartment overlooking the Seine, leaving behind the spreading ripples of bitterness and betrayal that mark the growing chasm between the French government and the business community.

Indeed, Pierre Moisson was not the only one who mistook himself for the Bourbons' darling, only to awaken to a brutal disappointment. In late October, Baron Guy de Rothschild, sovereign of the legendary Rothschild dynasty in France, took to the pages of the Paris daily *Le Monde* to pen, with bitter grapes, an obituary for the bank that bears his name, which had just been nationalized. Belittled Adieu, France, it was a signature as rare and elegant as one of his family's Grand Cru vineyards over prose that was acid and elegant. "They didn't aim for us," he wrote. "But they hit us as in a hunting accident caused by men to whom the French have had the thoughtlessness to entrust their guns far afield." Having already lost all once to the Nazis in the war, the baron raged as one who had rebuffed, only to see everything snatched away again, this time by the very people he may have helped to power. As leader of France's Jewish community, he had been one of those instrumental in protecting former president General de Gaulle's Middle East policies and agitating for his downfall. Anguished, the baron explained his article: "One doesn't let the fruit of 40 years' work be torn away without protesting. The ages they're breaking have the right to live! Having been forced to retire, I'm now going on strike." ☐

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- 1957 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1958 Willie Gordon, Calgary
- 1959 Tom Wilson, Edmonton
- 1960 George McGee, Edmonton
- 1961 Garry Barker, Hamilton
- 1962 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1963 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Del Simons, Toronto
- 1966 Peter Lake, Calgary
- 1967 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 George McGee, Edmonton
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MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1953 Gerry Doldor, Montreal
- 1954 Dave Russell, Winnipeg
- 1955 Tom Gahleitner, Ottawa
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- 1953 Normie Kwong, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1973 Ray Neale, B.C.
- 1974 John Nelson, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Burns, Calgary
- 1976 John Lachroix, Edmonton
- 1977 Ken Lachroix, Ottawa
- 1978 Ed McQuinn, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Wayne Burns, Calgary
- 1980 Wayne Burns, Calgary
- 1981 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1982 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1983 Jon Brown, Hamilton
- 1984 Frank Rigney, Winnipeg
- 1985 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1986 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1987 Don Lott, Calgary
- 1988 Keith Taylor, Ottawa
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- 2020 Keith Taylor, Ottawa
- 2021 Keith Taylor, Ottawa
- 2022 Keith Taylor, Ottawa
- 2023 Keith Taylor, Ottawa
- 2024 Keith Taylor, Ottawa
- 2025 Keith Taylor, Ottawa

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1980 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1981 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
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- 2025 Mike Wilson, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1983 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
- 1984 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
- 1985 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
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- 1987 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
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- 2021 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
- 2022 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
- 2023 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
- 2024 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton
- 2025 Dan Kopylov, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1960 William Miller, Winnipeg
- 1961 Bruce Kelly, Edmonton
- 1962 Joe Padellaro, Winnipeg
- 1963 Louis Ouellet, B.C.
- 1964 John Scarra, B.C.
- 1965 Tom Clements, Ottawa
- 1966 Sam Craghead, Toronto
- 1967 Jimmy Rodgers, Montreal
- 1968 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton



Schenley Canada Inc.

A maritime jewel in a western lake

In the summer of 1955, a small boat loaded with Icelandic immigrants drifted cheerfully up Lake Winnipeg. The 250 settlers had fled their homeland because of volcanic eruptions on Mount Hekla that had spread 120,000 cubic centimeters deep over 2,500 square miles. Following an earlier wave of Icelanders who had settled on the shores of the lake the year before, they were looking for a new start, but where? As it happened, a cow lodged there beside the boat, thrashing furiously toward a nearby island and wandered off into the thick stands of aspen, birch, jackpine and spruce, joining the moose, deer, bobcats, foxes and squirrels. The pursuit of the island cow led the settlers to their new Icelandic republic, which they named Hlíki Island, later Hecla.

Known as the "jewel" of Lake Winnipeg, the island, 25 km long and some 100 metres wide, seems oddly out of place in the Prairies. With its highlands, holding fishing boats, agriculture and a rich flora and fauna, Hecla seems to belong more to the north. And the quest there to Manitoba. Its atypical maritime beauty and remote location help explain its appeal to the Icelanders. Until a summer was built in the mainland in 1972, Hecla existed in splendid isolation, so much so that Icelanders are amazed by the purity of the language still spoken by the few remaining descendants of those early cow-herders.

At its peak in the 1930s, the island had 500 residents, but today the village on the south shore is sparsely, the houses weather-beaten and silently boarded up,

and fewer than 30 full-time islanders remain. Among them is Heigi Tommasen, 65, still fishing and determined to stay on the island as long as his health holds out. "That cow that jumped overboard was my grandfather," he says, remembering the days when docks bustled and the shouts of blond-haired children filled the air. "I began fishing in 1935 with my father, Guðmund. We had no motor and we got two cents a pound for codfish and three quarters of a cent for a pound of sauger. Times were tough, but we had a good time. We never lacked food or clothes."

That the settlers had survived at all was a miracle. No sooner had they arrived than a snap-frost outbreak killed



Heigi Tommasen, among still-vibrant

ice, and the entire area was quarantined for eight months. The first crops of grain and peas also failed. But for the fishing, they would have starved. Instead taught them how to fish through ice holes in the winter. Haddock, herring and freshly sustainable hauled the fish-rop boats across the lake. "We were gone in the old days for a month at a time," says Heigi. "The worst time was in the freeze-up and spring break-up, when you couldn't cross the lake by boat or sled. That was a single life."

Before the ferry came in 1954, a journey to the mainland meant a nine-hour steamer trip to Selkirk, or a four-hour trip round the north of the island to Winnipeg. With improvements in communications, young people began to leave. As home after home was boarded up, the Tommasens and the few survivors feared the island would soon revert entirely to the moose, grouse, pelicans, muskrats and rabbits. As they were pleased when, in 1992, the island and surrounding water were declared a provincial marine park. Federal and provincial funds went into developing a park and camping grounds and into the building of a luxury resort hotel at Gull Harbour, on the northeast shore. Opened in 1997, the 52-room hotel includes tennis courts, a pool, saunas and lodges on an 18-hole golf course. For a government-run operation, the hotel has been so unusually successful that there is talk of doubling its capacity in the next three years. Hecla's unspoiled beauty is its chief attraction. The vestiges of Icelandic culture lend it an otherworldly air, and wildlife is abun-



Fishing boats on Hecla (left), Gull Harbour Resort and Hotel (otherworldly air still permeates an Icelandic outpost)

THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



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But Moore tried to murder onto the golf course, and golf balls land in mosquitoes. Stoney only leave their claw marks on some of the Island's mountains. "Once we had a mark in the diving room," says Doug Strahan, the front desk manager. "Walked in the front door just like a guest, and they chased him all over."

Back along the winding coast road leading to the artificial man-made, the visitor passes the Lathrop's shanty-yard—portal in Victoria, for so many longshore fishermen and their families—and the island's only remaining store. Owner Richard Williams, 36, counts his stock and wonders, should he exit these stores of summer soft drinks into town for a refund, with interest rates so high, or is it worth the bother? Williams was born a Squamish, but changed his name to suit modern ways and tastes. It seems a lovely post, but Williams doesn't seem to mind. He also acts as madman, being letters to fishermen twice a week. Islanders and seafarers have long been on friendly terms. Fishing on the lake is winter, with the thermometer at -40°, is not an occupation suited to the habitually progressive. Besides, the guest TV antenna that perches the skyline ensures that no one need feel totally isolated. "Why should we feel out of here?" Mrs. Thompson is asking in her easy living room. "We know what's happening in Winnipeg or the rest of the world as soon as anyone else," she says, adding at the 75.

The hard-fighting times, at least, are over. A marketing board, established in 1969, has approved prices for fishermen. In 1970 the overfished lake was closed because of mercury contamination scares and the need for restocking. The fishermen were paid \$19 million compensation until the lake reopened in 1971. "The fishermen has never been more independent or had more money," says Helen.

The days of poverty are behind, but what they cannot forget is the sense of community. "We never had babysitters because the kids went everywhere with us," says Mrs. Thompson. "At concerts or socials, we'd just wrap them up and let them on the stage." "We relied only on ourselves in the old days," adds her husband. "We had no doctor, and we always made our own candles. That feeling of togetherness, of being one big family, is what's gone."

At the Gulf Harbour Resort and Hotel, new guests have arrived to drink in the pool, watch TV and try their luck on the games machines before strolling up the "High of the Gods" for dinner. Strak Wilby (R2), followed perhaps by a Super-Index G-7 Harbour Coffee (R2 R2). The visitors of 1978 world doubtless be missed.

—PETER GALT, VANCOUVER



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CITY SCENE

When life depends on a button

When her baby daughter, Lara, stops breathing, Pamela Hansen has only four minutes to remove her before brain damage sets in. Lara, a sudden infant death syndrome baby, sleeps on a special sensor blanket that trips an alarm 39 seconds after she has trouble breathing. Since it takes more than 1½ minutes to dial a phone number and wait until it's answered, Hansen has no time to call for help. Yet a month ago Lara had the fire department and artificial breathing apparatus by her side in moments, with an ambulance close behind, summoned by hitting the button of a small transmitter that activates an in-home security device called ProtectAlert. "ProtectAlert saved Lara's life," says a grateful Hansen.

Introduced in Toronto last July by Amicare, the home care division of Elderscare Ltd., the system was originally intended for senior citizens living alone—the approximately 200,000 elderly people in the Toronto area who share a frequent sense of vulnerability. Eighty-year-old Phyllis Atwood, for instance, dreads having a heart attack when nobody's around. So far \$1975 a

Hansen and daughter Lara, vulnerable



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Leslé: proverbial panic button

month plus a \$55 on-site installation fee, Alwood has been afflicted with a small transmitter she slips to her dress, with a hose unit connected to her telephone. If she needs help, she merely presses the transmitter button, and a coded signal is received by the 24-hour ProtectAlert Response Centre, where a trained team goes into action. First, team members ensure the button wasn't pressed accidentally and return Alwood's call...if after three rings she doesn't answer, the ProtectAlert operator will immediately dispatch an ambulance and contact a neighbor to open the door.

While the majority of ProtectAlert's 850 Metro subscribers are elderly or handicapped, others are using the service to provide security. Bob Leslé, a Scarborough gas station owner, has his attendants wear a transmitter when they're pumping gas alone at night. "The boys handle a lot of cash," ProtectAlert sends the police if someone breaks them," explains Leslé, who has a gas card to watch over another gas station, but finds ProtectAlert more convenient. "The dog ate a lot," he laughs.

At \$27 a year, Leslé considers the device a bargain for all-night service stations and convenience stores. Yet the cost can put a fair dent in a pensioner's pocket. Nevertheless, at 66 cents a day, ProtectAlert costs much less than around-the-clock personal supervision. "When you get old you try to get all the protection you can," notes elderly ProtectAlert subscriber Babette Samuel. "Something like that is not measured by money."

—ALAN FRANK MAYER

CANADA

Lévesque plays for time

By Ian Anderson

Like a tennis player staring off match point, René Lévesque continues battling to keep the constitutional rally going—perhaps in the fond belief that his anti-rival wants to pick up his racket and leave court as soon as possible. The premier's latest strategy—namely to delay Québec's "traditional" veto re-examination and thereby block the constitutional accord—was promptly dismissed last week by a sarcastic Justice Minister Jean Chrétien. "He can pass a decree if he wants that there will be no more over Québec this winter," Chrétien chuckled. "It will have about the same effect."

But while his veto strategy seemed to be a non-starter, Lévesque could at least claim success as a spoiler. Delay, in fact, has become his principal aim as he struggles to find the right rhetorical door to slam in the face of constitutional renewal. In these weeks since Lévesque found himself isolated from the other nine premiers, his language has become as laughingly anti-English as during the last doomed days of his 1980 referendum campaign.

In counterpoint, Marnie Tremblay's top references to his imminent retirement have become almost daily surrogates. Adding emphasis to the suspicion that he now runs himself as little more than an interim administrator, Tremblay was reminding some of the minister that the leader last week in two days' speechless in British Columbia (see page 30). "If you go around letting yourself be pushed out, then the future is bleak indeed," he told Liberals in Kamloops. "What will happen is that the development in the country will take place, but it will be developed by people other than ourselves."

Later, in Ottawa, he chose to skip the annual convention of the powerful Québec wing of the party, a convention he authored through in agony after dental surgery in 1974, within days of his short-lived resignation. Then he sent a ripple through the Québecers by telling them they still have to deal with abortion laws when the constitution is finally put forward. "And I wish them well," he disappointed. All that has been keeping him in office, it seems, is his inability to make up his own mind—and the unsettled Québec situation.

Tremblay's response to the veto problem was terse. Lévesque does not have a



Lévesque: "about the same effect as dressing an arrow out of fender"

ling to stand on, the prime minister declared. While Lévesque promised to take his case to the Supreme Court of Canada, Tremblay declined to slow the tempo of his campaign to get the constitution enshrined in Canadian law by Christmas. The Québec Court of Appeal has already indicated the provincial veto may legally be overruled by the federal government. It did so when it ruled in April that Tremblay's initial attempts to bury the new constitution and charter of rights past the right-farcing premiers was legal, "even if it is unilateral." The Manitoba Appeal Court agreed.

But even that rebuff may be a political ploy for Lévesque in his efforts to be perceived as protecting the Québecers' last only mother country, the single place in the world where we can be truly

at home. "Only on such an appeal to the emotions may he be able to obscure the fact that he traded away Québec's right to the veto in April as part of his membership in the Gang of Eight premiers who fought Tremblay back to the bargaining table."

While Lévesque portrays himself as "betrayed" by his seven former partners, the number 2 man in the Parti Québécois hierarchy has expressed relief at the premier's conclusion. "The referendum forced him to play the game," party Vice-President Sylvain Simard told reporters last week. "But for as it was an extremely dangerous game because an agreement [on the constitution] could have punished us for years."

That was perhaps the sort of evidence that Tony leader Joe Clark was looking for last week. Both in and out of Parliament he was preparing ways to get Lé-

Maclean's
vol. 11 no. 6



reopen back into negotiations in order to discover one and for all whether he is an independent.

The Tories also went to bat for the Yukon and Northwest Territories but lost a battle to rescind sections of the constitution that would allow a province to extend its boundaries into the territories with the approval of Ottawa. At the same time, the province would have to approve provincial status for either of the territories. The western provinces have expressed no desire for territorial lands, but power corporations in Alberta and British Columbia are eyeing the hydroelectric potential of the Slave and Liard rivers. "The political future of the territories is thrown into the arena of federal-provincial negotiations," worries N.W.T. Justice Minister George Bruden.

Native leaders expressed a similar opinion. Even though the Commons reviewed the native rights clause, the reduction of their numbers would be restricted. Their problem was that because of Alberta's concern about mineral rights claims on lands traditionally used for hunting and trapping, the new nation referred not simply to rights but to "existing" rights.

So those and other remaining disputes the unforgivable Jack Ryp offered the best response. The elegant Mennonite politician, the son of the Conservative opposition as the minister, summed up the 15 months of strife and compromise. "We're at the point when what is needed, quite frankly, is the belief that good things will prevail," he declared. The question still lingering is whether there is enough good faith to keep the country together. Even with a shiny new constitution there may still be a need for politicians to be more like leaders than followers. ☐

ALBERTA

Still no cure for skeptics

I was dubbed a "pilgrimage of pain" from across Canada and the United States. As adults and children suffering from a rare and still not treatable skin disease, epidermolytic bullous (EB), gathered in Edmonton last week. They were there to meet Pavel Kosak, a Slovakian biochemist reputed to be able to cure the fatal affliction. Sitting with family and friends they waited for two hours as Kosak—speaking through his brother-in-law and interpreter, Dr. Don Ross—dispensed a message: "Don't give up hope." But he offered little else to dispel skepticism about his methods or motives.

Kosak, 58, flew to Canada promising to reveal the secrets of his treatments to medical officials and win support for the establishment of a clinic in Canada to provide his costly cure. But after showing Edmonton-area doctors a series of slides of his patients before and after treatment, Kosak had behind a curtain of optimism and copyrights and provided little new information about his methods. "We were very disappointed," said Dr. Roy Le Richa, registrar of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Alberta. "The practitioners did not meet the standards of the scientific or clinical community."

Nonetheless, those quick to charge "charlatans" remain in disbelief by the success of his treatment of four Canadians who in recent months have journeyed to his secluded Vital clinic, a renovated two-story house in the mountainside vineyards 50 km outside Prescott, West Germany. First to make the trip was 30-year-old Terry De Guberville of Okotoks, Ont. Like all others, DeGuberville had had the disease since birth. One out of every 30,000 newborn children is afflicted with it—in all, more than 200 in Canada. When he was young his skin, his body was covered in a mass of raw, scabbed and red, scaly skin, his hands marred and deformed. Eight years ago DeGuberville locked himself in his bathroom and swallowed 50 sleeping pills.

A friend found him curled around the toilet bowl near death. Last August DeGuberville was flown on a stretcher to K-

odak's clinic. He weighed 104 pounds and he was added to the patient roster for treatment. For six weeks Kosak worked him, administering a special diet of mineral water, herbal tea, steamed apples, peaches and white meat, while burning pain, stress and alcohol. DeGuberville's bandages were replaced every five hours and new clothes applied.

Before he left for Germany, DeGuberville's doctor had set expected him to live until Christmas. But on Sept. 18—just six weeks later—DeGuberville returned home well on the way to recovery. Understandably, DeGuberville now craves for Kosak.

It is his own exposed issue on life that apparently drives Kosak, who says his own body was covered by a crust of sores throughout his childhood in Bratislava until, after doctors told him there was no cure, he went out and found one for himself. By the 1970s, people were coming to him for help from



Kosak, patient Carlos Costa: don't give up hope.

across Romania. In the past 25 years, he says, he has treated more than 300,000 sufferers with a variety of skin diseases. Defecting to West Germany, he established his biotech clinic, where treatment costs \$200 to \$300 a day. Last year Kosak, who favors fine-cut, white-washed Dunstons in the Russian manner between church and doghouse and looks like television's renegade hero Quinn, saved 250,000 Deutsche marks—\$121,480 Canadian.

From Edmonton, Kosak flew to see Toronto doctors late last week and this week he hopes to approach the Ontario and federal health ministers for a friendly hearing. Meanwhile, EB's sufferers go on a waiting list with the hope of being treated in Germany—some time in the future. If ever.

—GORDON LEBERT

BRITISH COLUMBIA

'Pierre, you're insulting us'

The offer was supposed to revive the faded Liberal presence in British Columbia, and in a way it did. When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau came to a four-course dinner in Vancouver last week he had the entire city talking about little else for days afterward. Almost all the conversations, though, were unfavourable, thanks to a spontaneous letter he gave just as



Trudeau: role of publicity, though most of a fail.

1,000 supporters were finishing dessert at the end of \$100-a-plate dinner.

Trudeau had just delivered a dry, prepared speech on the shifting balance of power between federal and provincial governments when he decided to wing it. Then he promptly became entangled in his own cliché-ridden metaphors. People in Vancouver complained too much, he declared, and they were "terribly unaware of what was going on in the rest of the country." Added Trudeau: "You

Two weeks later Jack Webster interviewed 120 people who paid \$100 each at a Trudeau fund-raiser.

know, it is often those who live at the edge of great mountains who are the least to climb those mountains because they are there... I think that you would be the last to know about the mountains, and I think that Canadians would be the last to know about this country."

At the end of his 45 minutes, spread through the well-dressed crowd, Trudeau went on to compare Vancouver to a beautiful, well-endowed woman of a certain age. "She takes the first really critical examining look at her assets and asks, 'Where do I go from here, if anywhere?'" Trudeau asked, "more throat clearing." Then, Mr. Whet, a corporate lawyer sitting at a table of Kamloops Liberals, called out, "Pierre, you're insulting us!"

While, who has raised money and run campaigns fully as a federal candidate in the B.C. Interior, was merely the first to register his reaction to the speech. "The prime minister has given the back of his hand to Vancouver," halved television broadcaster Jack Webster the next day.

Trudeau looked tired at the end of a three-day visit to British Columbia, a visit during which native Indians staged local demonstrations in Kamloops and Vancouver and demanded enforcement of aboriginal rights to the constitution. The band of Indian dancers and the singing of 300 protesters, who flooded into the plush hotel lobby, mingled with the then sound of bagpipes as Trudeau was led into a dining room above. The meal was officially sold out, according to a sign behind glass security men stationed at the top of the escalators in case any of the demonstrators decided to crash the party.

Organizers later admitted that they could have squeezed in another 100 diners but they claimed to be happy with the attendance because so many more than 800 supporters had been expected after the unpopular federal leader was announced. They ended up with a peak of \$110,000, money that will be used to hire a full-time organizer for the Liberals in B.C.

The prime minister gave his party lots of publicity last week, most of it bad. Now all an organizer has to do is convince B.C. voters that Trudeau still loves them.

—MALCOLM GRAY

NOVA SCOTIA

A plucky escape from Sable's grip

Descending from a roaring helicopter on a gust-black night, a few metres above a swashed and gushing ship in the fall haze of a North Atlantic gale—that is where Capt. Don MacQuarrie found himself late last Thursday. Sebbie Island, "graveyard of the Acadians," had trapped another ship, and MacQuarrie quickly became point man of a rescue effort that saved all 26 Yugoslav seamen aboard. At least 200 ships have foundered on the shores of Nova Scotia in the past five centuries but, thanks mainly to modern navigational systems, the RMS Princess was the first in 34 years.

MacQuarrie, 40, a navigator from CFB Shearwater, near Dartmouth, was lowered to the deck amidst seven-metre waves that had already yanked away the grain-arterial lifeboats. His task was to secure each man, see he was in a harness for the hunt up in the helicopter. "There was no panic," he later reported. "They were just happy to be going off. Some of them kissed me when I put the harness on them." His grey Sea King chopper carried off the first 11 sailors. Then a bigger helicopter from St. John's, PZ-1—a grubby yellow-and-red craft with CANADA and a brand-newly St. Bernard mascot painted on the side—finished the job.

Just a quarter mile from the grounded ship, a Mobil Oil Canada



Grounded Euro Princess "beautiful job"

drilling rig had turned on its lights as a beacon for the helicopters. Later that night, with the Sears Princess threatening to break free and crash into the rig, 44 of the 62 miners were removed.

At the Bessie Co-ordinators Centre, a windowless room in Shawville, there was quiet satisfaction at a job well done. "I doubt you could have had anything else go wrong, unless there was more," mused one officer. By week's end the 16,000-tonne vessel, battered but still afloat, was under tow for Halifax. Its cargo of Canadian grain, bound for the Soviet Union, would have to find another ship. —MICHAEL CLAGG

NATIONAL

Ministers stumble when 10 + 1 = 0

Confused as an Edwardian Halifax hotel last week, the nation's 11 Finance ministers might more profitably have tread sailing jelly to the wall. Their agenda included a long list of dollar figures that defied a good grip, both in their face value and in their implications for social policy. Before the meeting was many hours old, Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau suggested that everybody should leave for home immediately and think the whole thing over again.

Instead, they stuck to their two-day discussions. The talks revolved on money, more precisely, how much of it should be spread around the provinces to level out regional disparities, through equalization payments and a plan called the Equalization Program Financing (EPF). Federal Finance Minister Alvin MacLachlan's Nov. 12 budget had

set out to slow the growth of the EPF by a year in annual transfers to the provinces and territories. That would be accomplished through a 35.7-billion cut in EPF growth over five years and a new formula for calculating equalization payments that would cut payments to the six receiving provinces—Manitoba, Quebec and the four Atlantic provinces.

During the closed-door session, the provinces were "frank"—which mostly means blunt—in protesting that Ottawa was stomping on provincial standards for neither and higher education in its scramble to cut the federal deficit. New Brunswick's Finance Minister Fernand Dube, for one, and his province would lose \$154 million in payments in health and education, despite MacLachlan's assured wishes not to erode those services in any province.

It was not quite a wonderland, but, as Allen said, the meeting between ear closer and surmer. MacLachlan had to backpedal his way into it by admitting that his budget had underestimated the province's losses by \$600 million—a simple double-counting error, he said. Parizeau immediately produced his own analysis of the budget, which showed that Quebec would lose \$250 million instead of gaining \$60 million next year—that then he quickly changed his own loss estimate to \$300 million.

Among the others, Nova Scotia's Joel MacLachlan simply refused to believe the federal tally that showed his province actually gaining from the budget on balance. The federal minister of state for finance, Pierre Desrochers, wanted to talk principles and leave the numbers for technocrats to quibble over. But as the numbers ran the minister of journalists in the foyer at Tuesday's adjournment, the erosion of numbers

against social policy was the going concern—that and MacLachlan's apparent determination to hedge on his proposals.

The cheeriest of the group was Ontario's Robert Kaplan. He declared that the provinces' unit in opposing Ottawa was "the single strongest negotiating instrument we have." That instrument gets another workout in mid-December when the next round of talks will be held under a March 31, 1982, deadline, the date the five-year-old transfer payments agreement expires. By all reports, there is still a good deal of "frustration" to come.

—MICHAEL CLAGG

NATIONAL

Ottawa still keeps its secrets

The Trades and Commerce department's freedom of information policy, a freer flower in the best of seasons, suffered a little material last week. It was not helped by one minister's rough handling of the facts in the House of Commons in the Montreal coronation, where 27 Mountain men fought long and hard, and changes, federal lawyers delivered a gag order from Ottawa to deny defence requests for 33 secret government documents. Signing the affidavit, Solicitor General Robert Kaplan evoked Section 41.2 of the Federal Court Act. That clause empowers a minister to withhold documents dealing with national security and cabinet secrets, among other things.

By contrast, the government's proposed Access to Information Act would have forced Kaplan to submit the documents to a superior court judge. The judge would then decide whether the public interest in disclosure outweighed the value of secrecy. Appeals to the Supreme Court would be possible. Pending his passage, Pierre Desrochers told ministers by letter last year that "it is essential" to "act in accordance with the spirit of the legislation wherever possible."

Had Kaplan adopted that intention, he could have avoided signing the gag order. Section 41.2 of the existing Federal Court Act would have permitted him to submit the 33 contested documents to the judge at the Montreal pretrial hearing for a decision on disclosure. Kaplan told MacLachlan he did not choose that route because the government would have had no clear right of appeal against an adverse ruling.

In the Commons, Kaplan defended his action by saying that the MacLachlan royal commission (which has seen the documents) had "recommended" that at



Kaplan's evocation of cabinet secrets

least parts of them be kept secret. In fact, although the commissioners agreed to keep the documents out of their published report, they made no such recommendation against their use in criminal cases. Kaplan later admitted, "I'm not saying they agree with what I'm doing now."

As for the Mounties (accused of crimes including kidnapping, harassment and theft), Superior Court Judge Maurice Blais was to rule this week on a defence motion to quash the charges. Counsel for the baroness have argued that any roadside were committed in the line of duty. The Mounties contend they were under intense pressure from higher-ups in Ottawa to crack down on separatism or terrorism in Quebec a decade ago.

Already granted 42 government documents, the accused waited the 33 others for evidence of such pressure. Anticipating just such a situation, the MacLachlan commission itself concluded that orders from superiors probably would have no bearing on whether the Mounties are guilty. But the commissioners added that a judge hearing a case might decide differently. Asked whether the Mounties could get a fair trial without the papers they want, Kaplan replied, "That is a decision that the court is going to have to make." —JOHN HAY

MANITOA

Taking no chance of thalidomide II

In his cramped office at Winnipeg's Bonfleur General Hospital last week, pediatric pathologist Dr. Albert De Pape ran his hands through his greying hair and admitted he was baffled. "I've been in this field 25 years and you develop a sense about when things will occur," he says, peering through his hair. "If you have a sense of a certain abnormality for a while you buy by the law of averages that one to do and it usually shows up." And that is precisely what has happened at St. Bonfleur. In the past year, a worrying total of seven babies has been born with a rare and often fatal affliction known as omphalocele.

Babies born with omphalocele have their intestines protruding through the abdomen. In Canada, over the past eight years, about one child in 4,000 has been born with it, though medical literature rates its frequency at one in 6,000 births. In simple cases, immediate surgery can save the child's life. Less hopeful are the rarer cases of omphalocele—these in which lungs, stomach, bladder or kidneys are deformed or missing.

September saw the first—and one of the rare—of the seven cases at St. Bonfleur. It was a child who, in addition to the protruding intestinal sac, had no right arm. The child died. The hospital, founded on the banks of the Red River by Greg Nason in 1871, annually delivers just over 1,000 babies and statistically, the September birth seemed like the bad penny De Pape might have expected. He could relax until the next one, perhaps in a year. But in October the second child was born with omphalocele and severe right-side deformities. A little surprised, De Pape alerted Manitoba's health department. He had been on a committee that helped set up a national reporting system following the thalidomide tragedy of the early 60s, and he asked that group to check for congenital abnormalities register to see if other Canadian centres were reporting more cases. None were.

Then in January of this year the third of the malformed babies was born at St. Bonfleur, followed by a fourth in June. De Pape was disturbed, but worse was to come. "Between Aug. 28 and Sept. 15 this year we had three more cases, two of them within 24 hours of each other," he says. "This hospital simply shouldn't be seeing that many."

All seven infants were stillborn or died within an hour. The mothers ranged in age from 34 to 38 and were from nearby One was from Dauphin, 250 km northwest of Winnipeg, and

from 50 km east and the other five were from different areas of the city. So far there is no evidence of neighboring households suffering unusual numbers of omphalocele births.

At St. Bonfleur, doctors are now intensively studying the seven babies born there. Says Dr. Nigel Bryant, "We'll be checking diet, lifestyle, family medical history and the use of prescription and nonprescription drugs. We will look at exposure to pesticides, pollutants, paints and many other things." The investigators are particularly concerned with the first 10 weeks of pregnancy and will even ask where the child was conceived, whether the family home has insulation and, if so, what type, and what kind of pens, houseplants and liquor they favour. "If we don't find a common factor it does not mean that there isn't one. It would be statistically astounding for such a high number of cases to be reported in one hospital merely as a fluke of nature."

Adds De Pape: "The phenomenon may just go away, but I don't want it over and so we didn't act fast enough. Thalidomide began the way and of the signs had been picked up faster we might not have had 7,000 children born deformed." —PETER GARDNER-GORDON



Parizeau (left), MacLachlan (right) go home and think the whole thing over



De Pape: Ampleing His fingers crossed

Britain's political earthquake

By Carol Kennedy

It was the bookmakers, even more than the politicians, who predicted that one of the biggest land mines in British political history was about to explode under Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government last week. A day before the voters of Crosby went to the polls, two leading firms stopped taking bets on the by-election. So much money was being placed on Labour education minister Shirley Williams to win for the new Social Democratic Party (SDP) that a gambler would have had to stake £50 to win just £2.50. After betting has subsided, one bookie explained, a winner would not only lose his money.

But by the small hours of Friday morning, as the seats opened in a party legislature made up, shattering impact, it was not the bookies' loss, but Britain's two main political organisations—who were counting their losses. And the bookies were already making the SDP clear favourites to win the next general election, which must come by May 1994.

Shirley Williams, 51, one of the founding "gang of four" co-ministers who launched the SDP eight months ago in protest against Labour's leftward drift, took 49.1 per cent of the vote. In the process she overcame a Tory majority of 18,772, winning by 5,280 votes over Conservative John Birtcher. The anti-Tory swing was a resounding 38.5 per cent.

Labour's John Birtcher finished a humiliating third with a mere 8.8 per cent of the vote and, along with six fringe candidates (one representing the Cambridge University Revue Society), forfeited his deposit.

In the unlikely event of Crosby's voting pattern being repeated nationally, a non-computer calculated, the Conservatives would retain a mere four seats out of 625 in the Commons. The SDP and its allies, David Storer's Liberal Party, would have a majority of more than 300.

At the outset of her campaign, Williams gave herself only a "1-in-50" chance of winning. But she now returns

to Parliament in triumph—28 years after losing her Labour seat—as the first Social Democrat elected to Westminster. Birtcher, who was Ogdston Northford for the SDP/Liberal Alliance from the Tories in Oxford, is a Liberal. The two linked parties are today tarry to contest by-elections. Apart from Williams, the SDP has 25 MPs at Westminster, all but one defectors from Labour. Four more Labour MPs are contemplating the switch.



Williams: the greatest fortune for the others is that there is no one else

Jenkins of the Greens, it looked like a fundamental rewriting of the political contours in the structure of class-ridden modern Britain. The pro-Tory Daily Mail, quoting a *Fortune* 800 slogan, said, "The SDP/Liberal Alliance is not just breaking the mould of British politics—it is dancing on its shattered fragments."

Williams jubilantly quoted the 17th-century poet John Dryden: "It will not be long and time to begin a new."

The alliance she declared was nothing less than a crusade against the "growing extremism" of both major parties.

Certainly the voters in Crosby, for 30 years an archetypal Conservative constituency riding north of Liverpool, were handed a clear-cut choice. Both main parties fielded a candidate tailor-made to their current ideologies. In John Birtcher, the 32-year-old accountant, the Tories wheeled in an idealistic Thatcherite. Staunchly but happily Birtcher defended the government's massive record: nearly three million unemployed, soaring company bankruptcies and inflation at 11.7 per cent. But for all its prosperous profile—Crosby's population is 60 per cent professional, seven out of 10 people own their houses—company bankruptcies have risen by 80 per cent since Thatcher took office and jobs were the prime legislative issue.

Birtcher also suffered from being a "big name" challenging a "big name," as one Conservative pundit put it.

He boasted the railway stations each morning, nervous souls fied in place, throwing his head at the endless commuters hurrying past him. When an 18-year-old announced she was voting for "Birtcher," the Tory candidate defensively replied why "Because I've heard of her," came the crushing reply.

The Labour candidate, an obscure but engagingly witty mathematics teacher of 38, received more favorable treatment. But he was fatally disabled by his support for the policies agreed by left-wing candidate Tony Benn—universal nuclear disarmament, abandoning the European Community and wholesale



Westhouse (left), Birtcher: a resounding lack of confidence in the old parties

nationalism. As the bitter post-mortem began, shadow home secretary Roy Hattersley blamed the Bennites for their divisive effect on Labour, and for fostering the image of extremism. The prime minister was reduced to pointing out that nearly 20,000 voters had remained loyal to the Tories in a "difficult time." But she nevertheless suggested that the government might change its tough economic stance, which this week will see the unveiling of a further \$4 billion in Social Security cuts.

Both parties lost out on Williams' personal popularity in their desperate quest for an ally. Roy Hattersley, taking the unusual step of using his election as an editorial, allowed that "it is hard to think of any other politician today who can inspire the warmth and trust that she does." Observer Political Editor Adam Bland called her "the golden girl of British politics."

Brian Thatcher's 1979 victory, Williams, a divorced Roman Catholic (50 per cent of Crosby voters are Catholic), was often called as Britain's most likely first woman prime minister. First thing and first article, she has far more of the common touch than Thatcher, despite her more elegant background. She is the daughter of two upper-middle-class intellectuals, an actor Vera Brittain—whose First World War classic Testament of Youth is an ongoing boom sales following a TV adaptation—and Sir George Cedric, who taught political history for a time at Maudslayi's McGill University.

Williams is tough-haired and unceremoniously ruthless at her personal appearance. But once told a woman's magazine that she takes only 18 minutes to dress, and pioneer Mr Lady Aired acknowledged her "You will never get anywhere in politics with that hair." She is also the despair of her aides, being particularly



late for appointments or, on one famous occasion, taking the wrong train to a political convention. Yet a former class Labour associate recalls that in contrast her brain is very clear and she has "total intellect and honesty."

The combination clearly paid off. When the results were complete, political commentators were confident that "something bigger is going on" than the familiar autumnal protest vote. In particular, says Malcolm Kithcart of the *Financial Times*, the Labour Party has failed to adapt to the social changes that it itself accomplished.

Where this new classless vote will go in a national election is anybody's guess. The alliance will no longer have the virtue of novelty by 1994. It has still not resolved the question of who will lead it nor has it shaped a solid manifesto. In the meantime, as Britain's shaken political leaders look ahead, there is one consolation in that even the whirlwind vote-catcher Shirley Williams can be in 635 different ratings at once. ☐

WORLD

A stillborn Arab summit

The tension was crackling within the blue-and-gold-tiled Royal Palace in Fez as the 51 Arab and North African delegations assembled. The occasion was the 19th—and potentially most crucial—summit of the Arab League. In front of each seat lay a leather-bound, handwritten list of a keynote address by the host, Moroccan King Hassan. It was a bold and confident speech designed to launch a new phase of the Arab world. For the first time in their 32-year conflict with Israel, it looked as though the Arabs were



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Amidst ceremonial pomp, King Hussein (right) welcomes South Yemeni President Ali Nasir Muhammad. (Below) Hussein in a less a festive mood

about to take a united initiative in moving toward peace. Then, Hassan abruptly announced that the summit was "suspended."

The silence of many Arab leaders—more than one-third stayed away—was recognized as unpropitious. The conference was intended, after all, to accept or reject Saudi Arabia's eight-point peace plan for the Middle East, a potential replacement for the Camp David process. Clearly hurt that the Pax Moroccan had been put off, Hassan lapsed so often from his polished Arabic into the local dialect that delegates could not keep up with him.

Technically Hassan could only propose a postponement. But he knew that he could probably get his way. For one thing, moves had been initiated even before the knots of state arrived the previous evening to make sure the summit would not get off the ground. Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd, after whom the plan is named, arrived for the meeting knowing that his role would be limited to shouting it, in order to prove to his Arab "brothers" that the Saudis will not be pushed around by those to whom they give so much political and financial support.

The tactic may just work. The stunned silence that followed Hassan's snoddlng marked a turning point in a week fraught with squabbling over the Saudi initiative. Chastised one Arab League official after the session, "The Saudis did it. It was the last thing the others expected. They took a bad situation and turned it in their favor."

Indeed, when foreign ministers reconvene within three to six months to go over the issues again, the Saudi plan will once more be put forward under the

sponsorship of an unidentified group of Arab states. That fact reflects the irony of last week's dramatic events: most of the 21 participating states did indeed support the Fahd plan. But under Arab League rules, any resolution must be reached by consensus—unanimity or an overwhelming majority.

It was the opposition of an over-



whelmingly vocal minority that led to the suspension after three days of squabbling about the crux of the Saudi proposal, Point Seven. That clause implies Arab recognition of Israel. Leaders of such militant states as Libya, Iraq and Algeria had announced ahead of time that they would not go to Pin because Point Seven amounted to a "capitulationist" position. But the real blow came when Syrian President Hafez Asad contracted diplomatic relations.

At Pin, his absence was attributed to a fear of the repercussions on his domestic position should a peace plan bearing his signature later be blocked by Israeli intransigence. Even more important, Syria is afraid that peace would rob it of the limelight it has enjoyed since Anwar Sadat took Egypt out of the struggle.

The Saudis offered Assad another form of "logrolling." It took the form of a multi-theater-dollar aid gift—some estimates put the number at \$35 billion—that would enable Assad to buy popularity at home by building such consumer-pleasers as high-rise apartment buildings, raising entry salaries and developing new industries to provide new jobs. But it was not enough. "Assad checked out. It was easier in the end not to be there," said an Iraqi delegate.

Paradoxically, was the bottom line of the hard-liner's crisis of conscience over the Fahd plan. They did not want to appear to be "giving in" on Israel's "right to live in peace," without some guarantee that the gesture would be matched. And perhaps most important, there was no encouraging word of support from the United States. "If America had shown a little willingness to dis-

count the Saudis, there would not have been five minutes of debate here," said an Iraqi source. "We must have some reassurance, and America is the only one that can give it."

As the position became clear, Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al-Faisal alerted Riyadh and advised that the summit be aborted. The strategy for that step was worked out on the morning of the summit by the Saudis, Jordanians, Lebanese, some Gulf states and PLO leader Yasser Arafat. The PLO chief was especially "malleable" because he had helped to author the Fahd plan.

The meeting's abrupt suspension was in effect a demand to stand up and be counted, which could lead to future disaster or unity behind the plan. "Whatever happens next, it will finally be decisive," moaned one tired North African official.

While commentators debated whether the summit amounted to a collapse of Arab unity or a triumph for the rejectionist states, the one thing that did seem clear was the size of the task ahead of the Saudis, who are now expected to see their financial muscles ruthlessly against the opposition. Among the on-again/off-again of this inconclusive summit was that the position of the United States could be determined before the conference reconvenes. A quick run by Fahd to Washington is already likely. And in the light of the Arab rejectionist stand, the White House may well be aware the real damage on the Fahd plan is taken.

—ROSE WATSON

NEW ZEALAND

A sawn-off vote with two losers

New Zealanders found themselves in what Labor Opposition leader Walter Reeling described as a "sawed-off man's land" last Saturday after a despectively quiet campaign, more than four-fifths of the electors had turned out the previous day. Voters who seemed likely to be the country's first "hang" Parliament in 50 years. The provisional tally was 46 seats for Prime Minister Robert Muldoon's National Party, 44 for Labor and two for the Social Credit party led by Bruce Beetham.

Muldoon was characteristically quick to claim victory. But his party held three seats with fragile majorities of between 36 and 596 votes, and months and the mounting of revision and other special ballots were incomplete.

The result was something less than a triumph for Reeling. He led Labor to a

four-seat gain, but he failed to clinch the victory that commentators said was essential if he was to remain as party leader Muldoon's political future, too, was on the line—which may have explained his haste to claim the right to a third term as prime minister. But if self-indulgent his verbal swaggering—and accommodating attitude to the South African Springbok rugby tour—they were clearly unwilling to cast him ignominiously. Three of his ministers were less fortunate, losing their seats. But Muldoon vowed to press ahead with his controversial and ambitious growth strategy, based on using foreign finance to fund projects exploiting New Zealand's energy resources.

The man who seems likely to gain most from the deadlock is Beetham. While Social Credit failed to increase its total number of seats, it may now hold the balance of power despite a pledge not to oppose the government in local and non-confidence votes. And that could give it powerful leverage to push the few policies it takes with its own thinking. Chat among those in proportional representation, which ironically could have prevented the weekend cliff-hanger. For the moment, however, few people were prepared to predict the future parliamentary disposition too precisely. Reeling's officials said that it might take two weeks to reach a definite result—and even then New Zealanders' in-jokes in no man's land may just be starting.

—JOHN MULLANDER

Rowling with fame, clout, but not enough



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Violence threatens to fill a vacuum

Libya's troops seem withdrawn from Chad last week, but the mood in N'Djamena remained tense. Not only had emergency aid promised by France failed to materialize, but an indefinite delay in the arrival of Organisation of African Unity (OAU) peacekeeping troops threatened to allow the country to slip back into civil war. *Maclean's* correspondent Jan Gant was out of only a handful of Western journalists who managed to get into Chad.

It was a chance meeting—the result of a stroll through the once stucco residential quarter of N'Djamena, now overgrown and deserted. Behind a large signpost house rose the huge tail of a Soviet-made Ilyushin 76

cargo jet, parked on the nearby airport runway and awaiting another load of Libyan hardware for the rescue fight to Tripoli. Inside the house, three Libyans were packing to leave. A portable howling alley had already been hoisted up the hillside table and comfortable European furniture once followed. Over sweet tea and cold water the Libyans tried to explain how they felt about leaving. "You would not feel about going home?" asked one—a teacher, who gave his name simply as "AB." Then, active of the West's intense suspicions of Libyan aid to war, he added defiantly. "No one is forcing us out. We are going because we were asked to by our Libyan brothers."

All and his friends have now left

of petri-dollar aid (including \$18 million to pay and servants' salaries) never materialized. Not only that, as a result of the Libyan presence, Western aid also dried up—with drastic effects. The country's economy slipped into bankruptcy as cotton production slumped by half and customs revenues—the main source of government income—fell from \$1 million before the civil war to \$770,000. Said one UN official in N'Djamena: "It's as bad, if not worse, than Kampuchea."

Indeed, despite Gaddafi's initial relief at the Libyans' withdrawal, his present position is as perilous as ever. He was counting heavily on the swift arrival of OAU peacekeeping troops to fill the void left by the retreating Libyans. But by week's end, although the African states promised contingents, fewer than 1,000 Zairians, Nigerians and Senegalese troops had arrived. In the meantime, Habel's 6,000-man army operating from bases in the Sudan, has already retaken several towns that it lost earlier before last year's war. For its part, the OAU still cannot decide whether its force would be empowered to fight in the event of renewed civil war. The prospect of Nigerian or Senegalese troops fighting against Habel is one that appeals to no one. And on that score Habel has not been very reassuring. In Khartoum last week, his second-in-command, Idrees Makin, pledged to respect any OAU force as long as it remained neutral—but to fight if it tried to "impose" a solution.

Another blow for Gaddafi has been the failure of French promises of emergency aid to materialize. A recent two-day aid meeting in Paris produced pledges that fell far short of the \$225 million needed for an immediate rescue plan. Overshadowing all that, however, is the question of whether Habel will march on N'Djamena in event the arrival of the main OAU force. In the past, he has proved unpredictable. But this time most observers feel that he has no wish to appear irresponsible in the eyes of other African states and to embarrass his Sudanese friends. But he will find the temptation to move west unbearable in the absence of clear instructions for the fact force. If they say, the ambassador's failure to act is a slap in the eye for French President Francois Mitterrand, who scored a dazzling triumph in engineering the Libyan withdrawal. But then, as one observer who has watched Chad's agonizing recent history put it, "Mitterrand should have known better than to shake all the snakes and insects out of Habel—the man who sermonized and guided his predecessor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing." It is a lesson that the French may learn painfully in the months ahead. ☐



AP Wirephoto

Libya's guerrilla (above), and incoming Jordanian troops: more to follow?



Chad—in the intense rivalry of Chad's President Gaddafi (above) and his ally, the president had welcomed the Libyan troops when they arrived in December, 1983, in response to his urgent appeal for help to Libyan leader Muammar Khadafi. And they turned the tide for Gaddafi in his bitterly fought civil war with former defense minister Habel. Outraged by the Libyans, Habel fled into the desert, along with 110,000 other refugees.

But the welcome extended in N'Djamena to Khadafi's 10,000 troops soon wore thin. Advocates of Gaddafi now talk of having "supplied with the devil" during the yearlong partnership. They bitterly point out that Libyan promises

Reagan's new trick



Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes in disheveled office: Reagan's new trick

By Michael Posner

With a former actor in the president's role, the Reagan administration is no stranger to the political value of theatre. But last week, in refusing to sign Congress's emergency spending legislation, Ronald Reagan experimented for the first time with a new line of stagcraft: the presidential veto. Quickly labelled theatre of the absurd by his opponents, the president's largely symbolic action produced a historic showdown of resources.

government services, affecting some 600,000 federal employees. Their pay, far enough, however, lasted less than one day, ended by Reagan's signature on yet another spending bill which authorized spending for a further 31 days.

In effect, the protracted wrangle between Congress and the White House over government spending was not resolved. It was simply deferred, in the fond hope that the post-Thanksgiving, pre-Christmas spirit of reconciliation would somehow teach the difficult and increasingly bitter budget process.

Exactly what precipitated the Reagan veto is a contentious point in Washington. Detractors, citing one set of figures, claim they gave the president most of what he asked for in the budget resolution that he refused to sign. His veto, they declared, had fabricated a

crisis. It was an artificial exercise designed to take public attention away from the failures of Reagan's economic program. For their part, most Republicans cited a differing set of figures, which they used to argue that the rejected resolution contained less than 25 per cent of the White House's requested cuts. To have signed such a measure, would have signalled the business-as-usual ethic to legislators and eroded credibility in the president's commitment to slash the federal budget.

On the flip, the current budgetary impasse in recent numbers. Last summer, Reagan proposed, and Congress approved, an unprecedented package of cuts in the growth rates of government spending. His estimated worth \$38 billion. But conservatively high interest rates have choked off the financial recovery that the administration predicted and have sent the U.S. economy into recession. As a result, the projected 1985 federal deficit has ballooned from \$43 billion to somewhere between \$80 billion and \$130 billion.

To reduce the debt, Reagan sent to Congress in September a second round of suggested budget cutbacks worth about \$13 billion. But these proposals were greeted by a whirlwind of criticism, and the president hastily scaled down his requests to \$5.5 billion. Even then, the best a Republican-controlled Senate could muster was about \$4 bil-



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Staff head home: a chaotic shuffle

lion. The White House was reluctantly prepared to accept that verdict, but a House-Senate compromise finally presented Reagan with budget savings worth at most \$1 billion.

The truth, of course, is that the actual numbers do not matter very much. But having abandoned its pledge to balance the budget by 1984, the president must at least be perceived to be working assiduously to keep federal spending under control. Cutting in to Congress, even for \$1 billion, would undermine the very image the White House wishes to project.

What is really at stake in the budget battle is political power. What will control the distribution of federal funds—Congress or the president? The present centralized budget process was created expressly to thwart executive interference. But it is not working. Despite Reagan's budget victories of last summer, not one of 13 appropriations bills arrived in the House has yet found its way to the Oval Office.

That is because most of the House bills exceed the spending ceilings established last summer. The Senate, accumulating a powerful veto, has not acted on a single appropriation, and it is that delay that occasioned last week's hit-tours. As Reagan himself noted, the government has now lurches through an entire year without a formal budget, operating instead on continuing resolutions. With the expiry of the latest resolution's spending authority, Congress was forcing the administration to choose between bringing the bureaucracy to an abrupt halt or consenting to spending levels beyond star targets. That, to the White House, is an intolerable subjugation to executive powers.

Reagan's comeback was to recommend—through the Senate—that he be allowed to determine what program would be cut, with a maximum reduc-

tion of five per cent. That suggestion was roundly rejected.

As it is, the stage is set for the most act of the drama. Many Democrats think Reagan will extend the crisis, citing the Democratic-controlled House for its chronic proclivity and blaming it for whatever economic malaise descends. The Democrats could thwart him by granting the social program cuts he is seeking, but they would then have to confront voters' wrath in the fast-approaching 1982 mid-term elections. For its part, the Reagan administration is still stalling at budget deficits beyond even its worst-case scenarios. And the president must soon deliver his year-end economic message along with his 1983 budget forecast. Neither is likely to be brimming with good cheer.

As the impact of budget cuts begins to be felt, an unemployment rise and the recession deepens, the consensus that yielded the early Reagan successes will inevitably weaken—stifling congressional resistance to his program. This will intensify the political struggle, but it will produce a climax without a victor, leaving only a kind of stalemate—stubborn, dissipating and defying solution. ☐

A bloody feud in the 'family'

It was an inside job all the way. When FBI undercover agents infiltrated the heretofore familial underground of gangland, one agent was so successful that he was considered for induction into the Mafia as a "made" member. Last week, after handing a trial that led alternately to a shadow prison in Queens, N.Y., a today New York lawbreaker served by the late slash of Iran's twin sister, and the tangled world of racketeering and narcotics from Tampa to Milwaukee, the FBI made its move. And coping what has been called as an investigation unparalleled in the agency's history, a federal grand jury in New York indicted six top mobsters from the Bonanno clan.

Four of the arrested are alleged to have recruited those members of their own family in a power struggle over the inheritance of the narcotics empire. That has been a bloody battleground ever since the 77-year-old patriarch, Joseph (Joe Bonanno) Bonanno retired to Arizona 16 years ago. The bullet-riddled body of one of the victims, Alphonse (Sonny Red) Indelicato, a well-known Bonanno capo (boss), was found in a valet lot in Queens last May. The bodies of the other two mobsters have not

been found. But indictment papers based on evidence of an FBI raid last week claimed that all three were gunned down in a classic Godfather swindle at a family meeting.

But murder was only one of the charges in the Manhattan Federal Court indictment last week. The six were also accused of an attempted armed robbery of the fashionable SoHo-Pace Place area of Princess Astor Park, racketeering and distribution of narcotics. One of the indicted men, Demetrick (Sonny Black) Napolitano, the 50-year-old Bonanno confederate (overboss), is officially still at large. But investigators believe he may have been killed in reprisal for the execution of his fellow mobsters, Benjamin Ruggiero, 58, has been in custody since August as a murder suspect, as have John (Floppy) Corvino and Nicholas Barboza Jansen (Jimmy Legs) Episcopia, who rushed handcuffed into the Manhattan court building shackled by his attorney's briefcase. From conspiracy charges along with his robust Anthony (Boss) Tomasello. If found guilty, the six men face prison terms of up to 30 years and \$25,000 fines on each count.

For the most part, the Mafia carries on its activities as covertly as a society of men. But last week's indictments were the latest in a series of events that have involved the Bonanno family in involvement publicity. In September, a Gambino family lieutenant, Frank Piccolo, was murdered, probably by Bonanno hands, and the fear was that the two crime clans were at war for control of the underworld. That speculation received support last week from police inspector Anthony Fabiani of Bridgeport, Conn., where Piccolo's body was found. "What we hear suggests that the two main groups are fighting it out to the finish," he said. The indictments may only be beginning. —JANE O'HARA

Episcopia (centre) hustled into court



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Bidding for peace, and Europe's mind

By Marel McDonald

It was billed as a dramatic bid to ease a deadly crisis that has shuddered nations for generations. The stage was set with challenges flying across the Atlantic faster than the speed of intercontinental warheads. And the plot held no surprises for weeks before the curtain went up: the drama's dynamics had filled newspaper pages with contradictory strategic assessments and the jangled anticipation of destruction. Before the play even had a chance at the script, the conferees had already staged a rough preview of the dialogue. But this week the shouting stopped and the talking began as negotiators from East and West opened a new arms reduction conference in Geneva. The backdrop to the show was—by any definition—dramatic.

President Ronald Reagan, feebly warned against being typified as a tri-acknowledgment hawk, made the Soviet's grandstanding peace offer he knew they could refuse. For his part, Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, having posed once as an unrepentant arm buildup in the past decade, decried Jewish faithfulness and flew off to Bonn to deliver a pacifist "goodwill" speech. That is, in fact, turned out to be an old chestnut that he had made two years earlier.

The dismounting of the Geneva talks is clouded in doubt. As Soviet and American negotiators toms converged for the first so-called Theatre Nuclear Force (TNF) negotiations on reducing intermediate-range atomic missiles in Europe, the euphemism of the talks could not conceal what lay at stake.

The scenario at Geneva could help determine the future of NATO's 108 Pershing II and 484 cruise missiles planned for the retirement by December, 1983. At the same time, the fate of Moscow's SS-20 SS-20s, which are already pointed toward London, Bonn and Paris, will come under intense scrutiny.

For the 350 million Europeans looking on from the TNF dialogue, the success or failure of that dialogue is a cliff-hanger on which their very survival may depend. In the careless war of words being waged by the superpowers, they see an increasingly real risk of a nuclear holocaust in the jittery "situation" of their own native soil.

With a stunned disbelief that has

translated itself into the largest post-war peace movement on the continent, Europeans have suddenly discerned from all the blithe strategic obfuscation, the possibility of waking up to find themselves trapped in the machinations of some theatre of the absurd.

Although there is so much at stake, the TNF curtain went up on a note of almost universal pessimism. Even West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, the man with the power to gain or lose from the outcome, went into a briefing with the American negotiators last Saturday in Flensburg, already openly grim. Schmidt had already hosted Brezhnev in Bonn for three days acting as Washington's stand-in. Then, after 30 minutes of telephone talks with Reagan in California, he publicly launched such side's stubborn "maximalist" bargaining positions and misleadingly made court drama. "That's disinformation," he snapped. "All these warnings spread around the world that both Western and Eastern propaganda."

Still, it is not just yesterday itself that separates USK Vitenberg, 45, the deft, tough-talking diplomat who leads the Soviet delegation, and Paul H. Nitze, a 74-year-old silver fox from the arms-control wars, who leads the American team. In the end, a more insurmountable obstacle has been thrown: the fact that, despite their chiefs' gestures of goodwill and peace, neither side is ultimately willing to ledge much on the territory it has already staked out in the nuclear arms race. While Kvitensky follows the tune already hummed by Brezhnev last week in Bonn—offering a freeze on medium-range missile deployment and even a small reduction in its own stockpile of slings are to be withdrawn 80-20—the Soviets have loudly indicated that they regard Reagan's zero-option proposal as their negotiating posture.

Despite the fact that Nitze is taking Reagan's zero option to the bargaining table, the Americans clearly do not expect the Soviets to agree to dismantle their 250 new SS-20 SS-20s and 303 older single-warhead SS-16 and SS-16s. Indeed, Washington itself is prepared to back away from its professed commitment to install Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe. As the Western diplomats concede, warring up the bluff being called "What would they do if Brezhnev accepted?"



Brezhnev and Schmidt from a press conference (top left) universal pessimism

To some members of Europe's anti-nuclear movement, the very appointment of the delegation leaders themselves is a sign of just how little faith such side has in the TNF talks. Kvitensky spent two years sitting on the East-West negotiations over limiting conventional troops in Europe. These discussions are still hopelessly deadlocked in Vienna after nearly eight years (see box), unable to agree even on the numbers of the Warsaw Pact forces. Nitze, co-chairman of the Allied forces studying the bombing of Hiroshima, is known as an unrelenting hawk, steeped in studies of Moscow's military might. He may have helped create NATO under Richard Nixon, but he also led the battle against NATO II. Says Detlef Laber, MD-Klaus de Vries, one of the leaders of Holstein's anti-missile campaign. "To appoint Nitze to conduct arms-control talks is outrageous. It's asking a lot of European public opinion to believe the United States is sincere."

Nevertheless, in its own way, each side now does seem sincerely concerned about the arms race. The conflict comes from widely different readings of each other's positions and the fact that those positions are now so out of whack, an imbalance for which generosity can take part of the way. To both sides, European is considered part of the American battlefield, with the unfair advantage

Tottering to Bonn and back

He may hold half the world in his hand, but Leonid Brezhnev had trouble keeping himself under control. During his four-day visit to Bonn last week, Brezhnev appeared to be weary, sick and unbalanced. The Soviet leader—who will celebrate his 75th birthday on Dec. 19—presented a painful spectacle as he struggled to cope with a schedule already cut to the bone. He seemed at all times to be in a state of mind for consideration for his weakened condition.

As Brezhnev stood with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt before the world press, there were moments when it seemed as though he did not know where he was. Reviewing troops at the airport the Soviet leader, face frozen, legs jerking like forward like a mechanical soldier, failed to stop as he reached the end of the line. It took Schmidt—who wheeled him around and gestured him in the correct direction—to prevent him from marching stiffly into the night. Later, as Schmidt formally addressed him before the cameras in the main lobby of the chancellery, Brezhnev suddenly clucked to himself and wandered off to the rear for a moment with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Gusty Gromyko sent him back to the chancellery's side.



But diplomats and newsmen who had met with Brezhnev in person for more than two years—it was his first visit to the West since the Soviet revision of Afghanistan—were shocked by his voice and uncontrolled facial movements. In his address to the press, Brezhnev's voice dropped frequently to an eerie whine. When he was silent, his eyes failed to focus for minutes at a time. His mouth opened and shut in a rhythm that resembled a loaded fish gaping for air.

In the past, American physicians have attributed Brezhnev's symptoms to an acute lack of sleep, resulting from straight heart disease to emphysema, cancer of the jaw and arthropathy.



Brezhnev shows he's got Parkinson's?

lateral sclerosis, a degenerative nervous disease that a West German doctor who scanned TV clips of last week's visit made a more grim diagnosis. Parkinson's disease.

Whatever the cause, Brezhnev's distress made his 68-year-old host—who himself had a pastmaster's flood during an emergency heart operation in October—look almost joyfully at it. It also fuelled the doubts about Brezhnev's capacity to manage day-to-day affairs in the Kremlin, not to mention the Soviet side of the arms control talks. "Who is running Soviet foreign policy?" worried the conservative daily *Die Welt*. "And the shorts being called by a handful of generals and personages like Zamyatin, Zupatin and Fabin?" the paper asked, referring to the second-strategy party map, reputed to form Brezhnev's "brain trust."

Last week's glimpse of the full extent of Brezhnev's physical and mental decline also inevitably raised questions about his succession. The most likely candidates are still thought to be political insiders: Konstantin Chernenko and Andropov. Both are in their 70s but enjoy good health. The longer Brezhnev manages to hang on against the medical odds, however, the greater are the chances of Moscow party chief Viktor Grishin—a mere strapping at 57—getting the job. But it is view of the evidence in Bonn, Grishin would be expected to let his hopes fade away with him.

—PETER LEWIS

to bring on the Soviet side. It is an assumption that only the Europeans themselves are beginning to dispute.

But history is partly to blame, too. After the United States pulled its land-based missiles out of Europe in the wake of the Cuban missile crisis, a cautious policy decision was made to concentrate Western nuclear deterrents on airborne fighter jets and offshore submarines. It was only when the Soviets went ahead developing their medium-range missiles, which culminated in the installation of the SS-20s, that the Americans woke up to find themselves outmatched in technological sophistication.

The Soviets are in no way discontent about their edge. But they are undoubtedly alarmed at what could descend should the talks fail. The Pershing II and cruise missiles would not only allow Washington to pick up, they would also provide a terrifying leap forward.

The United States would then have the capacity to smash the Soviet long-range strategic defenses without putting into play its own intercontinental ballistic stockpile based in silos in North Dakota and Kansas. Says Maj.-Gen. Gert



Protesting against the cruise missile, no doubt to be along in the 'twenties.

Bastian, a retired West German division commander, who has become a leading voice in the European peace movement. "This new generation of American missiles has capabilities that the SS-20s are in no way ready to match."

To the Soviets that means a red flag to pump up their own defenses with the production of new SS-20s and SS-30s—a new generation already in the pipeline. It is one-on-one without an end. And it is a game that neither side can any longer afford. The Hungarian administration is heavily stretched at home. The Kremlin is wrestling with a crumbling economy exacerbated by the worst grain harvest in recent memory. Moscow also has to maintain control over its increasingly restive population.

But the gap between the two sides' fundamental viewpoints is no great that

the two sides face a mutually difficult future. The main problem is the confrontation missile totals, which are defense expert refuse to let "the bean count." Not only has each side been exaggerating the other's might, increasingly leaving out a few details of its own, but neither can agree on a frame of reference for the mathematics of devastation. Should they, for example, count the numbers of missiles alone, or the numbers of multiple warheads, which can strike several targets simultaneously? And should they include the Soviet short-range missile systems, which can also destroy Western Europe, or the independent French and British nuclear forces which—while not part of the equation—are just as ominously aimed at the Soviets?

Also to be decided is the issue of whether airborne and submarine weapons should be counted as part of the total arsenal, as the Soviets are insisting. For their part, the Americans prefer strict "global ceilings"—a concept that covers any missile that might be temporarily pointed at China and others that the Soviet Union might be developing in order to circumvent a triv-

eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation have been few—the danger has been too great to risk open warfare. In 1949, Berlin became a flash point when the Soviets, claiming the NATO alliance posed a military threat, blockaded it. The blockade was removed after the Allied airlift, but the bitterest fingers in the wall that today still divides the city. In 1960, U.S. pilot Gary Powers was shot down while flying his U-2 reconnaissance plane over Soviet airspace. President Dwight Eisenhower's subsequent refusal to apologize torpedoed a Big Four summit. But the world actually was closer to war in 1964, when the Soviets badly miscalculated the Cubans. Only the prospect of immediate nuclear confrontation persuaded them to withdraw.

Occasional confrontation apart, both powers have preferred to defend their ideologies through their respective allies and by overt and covert intervention in so-called Third World countries.

On the home front, many of the Soviet Union's security measures centre on the NATO countries adjacent to its Eastern European satellites. Several of the latter, long accustomed to cultural and political autonomy, have rebelled against the domination with varying results. The Hungarian uprising was quashed bloodily in 1956, Czechoslovakia's liberal drift in 1968 was halted by an invasion, and for 15 months Poland has been near to a similar fate.

A world cast in rival images

The negotiators who begin their shuttle between the Soviet mission and U.S. offices in Geneva this week see him in an antagonism as old as the Bolshevik revolution. But it was the acquisition of sophisticated nuclear weapons that placed Khrushchev's survival in the hands of the superpowers.

For a brief moment after Hitler's defeat, it appeared that the establishment of spheres of influence might prevent conflict. The U.S. withdrew its commitment forces from the Middle East, the Soviet Union retained control over Eastern Europe to safeguard its security. Western Europe—though hardly neutral after the Marshall Plan—was to act as a buffer between China and the Soviet Union. It was believed that its security depended on the rest of the world accepting neoconservative principles complementary to its own, those that denunciated all attempts to ally mutual suspicion. When Soviet troops joined Afghanistan and American troops left in Vietnam, the ideologies may differ but the process is the same.

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Three-pronged Jimmy Carter and Brezhnev at Salt II signing, one small step

The Soviets also have problems on their southern flank. The invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 is widely attributed to a long-standing desire to move closer to the Indian Ocean. But it may also have been motivated by a Moscow-inspired threat to a client government and by uncertainty about U.S. intentions after the American failure to ratify the SALT II accord. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union has supported local initiatives sympathetic to communism in Africa, the Middle East, Southeast Asia and Latin America.

For its part, the United States has several times intervened in the Third World in the belief that, unless communism is stopped there, it will eventually threaten North America directly. This premise prompted the support of South Korea against the North in 1950, the disastrous Cuban Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, and the military intervention in Vietnam. Washington strongly resists the disaffiliation of countries, such as Nicaragua, that it considers within its sphere of influence. Ideological reverence in nations bordering the Soviet Union are also threatening, not only for economic reasons but because such countries provide valuable reconnaissance bases.

Against this background of direct and indirect confrontation, the most obvious and disturbing feature of the conflict has been the massive stockpiling of nuclear arms. Negotiations on nuclear containment were started soon after the outbreak of the Korean war with varying results. The Hungarian uprising was quashed bloodily in 1956, Czechoslovakia's liberal drift in 1968 was halted by an invasion, and for 15 months Poland has been near to a similar fate.

Background both had to wait until 1964, when both had learned enough from their experience. A nuclear non-proliferation treaty followed in 1968 in the first flowering of détente. Another fruit of this easing of tension was the first Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) agreement in 1979. This limited the number of defensive missiles as well as land-based and submarine "launchers." Conventional weaponry was not covered and, as a result, talks on that subject began in Vienna in 1972. In the summer of 1979, Presidents



Soviet troops in Afghanistan: Superpowers imposing their mutual-aid



South Vietnamese victims of U.S. napalm: A history of mutual-aid

Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev initiated SALT II. Limited offensive nuclear missiles. But hawkish groups such as the Committee on the Present Danger, who claimed that the understanding left the United States at a disadvantage, Carter could not muster enough support in his favor, and the invasion of Afghanistan effectively killed its chances in Congress.

Theoretically, the nuclear arms race is based on the belief that even strength deters the other side from striking first, an idea impossible to prove or disprove until it is too late. Recently, the armaments industry generates \$500 billion a year, several and powerful jobs in both countries have vested interests in keeping it alive. However, since governments must increasingly turn back on essentials such as food and health care in order to afford the building of new bombs—severely crippling their own economies in the process—internal pressures may result in more conciliatory postures.

Still, the two sides remain proud each other as completely that they cannot agree on who has what weapons, a prerequisite for accord that has tied the conventional arms talks since their inception. As the United States and the Soviet Union sit down once again to decide the fate of mankind, even's organizations around the world are gathering 600 million signatures on a petition to the United Nations demanding the abolition of nuclear arms. If their governments' recent records give any indication of success, the odds do not favor the ladies.

—MARK CLAINES

When *Amateur Out*, native Victoria Snow debuted at Stratford two years ago, the nation's critics gushed up their typewriters with superlatives in their frenzy to praise her performance. Despite the acclaim, Undermills did not go on to Broadway. She went back to waitressing until her next part came through—eight months later. "That fast-rising star stuff doesn't impress the producers," says Snow in a voice somewhere between *Lawson* and *Maclean*. "You believe it when you see the contract." She does have a contract now—with Ernest Productions, whose lavish restaging of *Men of La Mancha* is attracting good reviews and large audiences in Toronto. But the exhausting schedule of the eternally *Adonias* will probably only last until January. Then Snow may have to leave the hotel home she has had in three years of acting from Stratford to Charlottetown.

Maclean's Snow: no more the ingenue

"You go where you have to go for the work," she says without a trace of the beautiful ingenué. "I'm disgustingly adaptable."

James Brady ended eight months of confinement last week with the declaration "The Bear is back." Hundreds of friends cheered and a high-school band belted out *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* as the 41-year-old White House press secretary walked out of the George Washington University Medical Center. "We rejoice our friends and ourselves with a true spirit of optimism for the future," he said in a statement. Flashing the thumbs-up sign, Brady left the hospital with the aid of his wife, Sarah, and a special walking cane. The weeks that dominated his stay before he was struck down by a bullet intended for Ronald Reagan last March 30 was also back. When hospital spokesman Dr. Dennis O'Leary got down on one knee to sign a "Free the Bear" petition which stretched from the wall to the floor in Brady's room, the beaming patient, who has survived a gunshot wound to the brain, three serious operations and a grueling schedule of rehabilitation, cracked, "There's no need to prowl."

Canadians have been dancing to the Big Band sound of Earl Kenny and his *Western Gentlemen* for half a century. Twelve years ago, the 31-year-old band leader tried to retire and pursue a new career in real estate, but the myriad offers for performances of such hits as *The West*, *A Nest and You*, *Dear* made

him rethink the prospect of staying home in Mission, B.C. "Why would I want to quit playing as long as people still want to hear us?" he says with a smile. Old friend *Steven Garo* thought people would like to read about him as well. So, he harassed Kenny into writing his autobiography. This month the Budgeting author hit the road with *Earl Kenny and his Western Gentlemen*, the printed version. Although he is not so gregarious in his book, the self-styled "grandfather's favorite" believes, as *Bruce Ellington* once said, that there is "good sense and bad sense." The *Westerns*, he says, were good. As for today's sound, Kenny can't hear the music for the noise.

He sees thing about *Barbara McKinlay* is that she is almost as cooperative offspring as she has been for nine years as the role of scheming Iris Garrison on NBC-TV's *Another World* and *Texas*. Refraining from the grueling pace of afternoon soaps to do "absolutely nothing" for a while, the grand dame of daytime TV has a few things to say in parting. On the show's decision to write out the villainess Iris



McKinlay: getting in a few parting shots

by reviving the character from *Texas* to New York to start a foundation for the needy. "It's like *Zoo* *Zoo* *Gabor* becoming a nun." On her husband *Barney* *Mann*'s brief appearance on *Texas* as a tacky talk show host. "The played kind of a small-town *Sam Snyder*—if you can imagine anyone blunter than him." On *Texas* offerings in the southeast ratings game by running opposite the popular *General Hospital*. "That little girl [*Stacie Prosser*, who plays the star attraction, Luvina] is losing next month, so we'll see what that does." On sex in general. "I wouldn't trust them to do my laundry."

—EDITED BY BARBARA BLOOMSON

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Brady out of hospital: the Bear is back

Nationalists in the boardrooms

By David Thomas

Calgary's Seventh Avenue has acquired a tidy, almost quaint continental ambience. Heretofore, the focus and the focus of car traffic have helped. But the sophistication is owed primarily to the city's silent new light rail vehicles (LRVs) built in Düsseldorf, West Germany. The LRVs were an immediate success at their introduction last May, and early this month Calgary's city council voted to buy another 30 from the German consortium Siemens-Düsseldorfer. The decision enraged Canada's mass transit industry. At least three domestic manufacturers, including Bombardier Inc. of 1400 route and snowmobile fame, are capable of producing Calgary's cars. Yet the city chose them out of the deal. Gives the Bombardier Marketing Director Carl Hawley "It seems a little bit like a slap in the face to our customers in the U.S. but we can't be given an opportunity to bid in our own country."

Such discrimination against domestic industry was once commonplace. Now it is rare enough to serve as a tender for the firm of Canada's new economic nationalists. A decade ago, political and academic voices echoed angrily in the wilderness of Canadian nationalism. Today, the most clamorous Canadianism comes from businessmen and politicians who are patriotic—in their marrow. Most, suspiciously, for their chosen the new boardroom nationalists are not the isolated stalwarts of yore: government professors, earnest authors and glib politicians whose order was eroded by a climate of public apathy.

The new nationalists are an elite corps of menaces, often nervously by the Canadian business establishment and by their American counterparts. At the cutting edge of Canadian capitalism, they include risk-takers such as Robert Blair and Jack Gallagher, who operate the country's energy giants. They also include such white-knives as Michael Cowland and John Shepherd who are at the top of successful electronics firms, along with world-class engineers, such as Bernard



Blair with Bombardier's LRV, an elite corps

Lamarre, who designs Canada's megaprojects, and competitive managers of home-owned manufacturing firms. To their opponents, their claims of self-Canadianism carries the same freight-bearing charge as Iran's Islamization or Quebec's francophonie with the same implications of fundamental shifts of power. Says Leigh Instruments Ltd. Chairman John Shephard, "We can talk publicly now about the fundamentals of ownership where 30 years ago you might

have been lynched for doing so."

The National Energy Program (NEP) with its bold proposals to Canadianize the energy sector may have scored traditional "free market" bulls in Canada and in the United States, but some Canadian business people inevitably saw just how advantageous it could be. Shephard, whose firm sells postal sorting equipment to the United States and electronics to the transportation industry, explains that Canadian manufacturers are the natural beneficiaries of the NEP. Canadian-owned oil giants are more likely to rail upon domestic suppliers. Says Shephard, "The effect on the engineering and manufacturing sectors of Canadianizing the energy companies is just terribly overlooked and put it is probably the biggest single consequence of that process."

The new nationalists have their own catchphrases. It is a report in *Close by the Major Projects Task Force* under the joint chairmanship of Robert Blair, president of

Shirley Kirk, executive vice-president of the Canadian Labour Congress. By cutting business and labor leaders, the task force aims to find ways to enhance the domestic benefits of the country's big public and private undertakings. Essentially, the task force wants Canadian-owned enterprises to get preferential, or at least equal, treatment in the awarding of contracts. It also wants the federal government to sponsor a clearing house for information on project schedules, costs and requirements. Called the Major Projects Assessment Agency, it would have authority to demand information from project sponsors and would help Canadian industry and educational authorities match project and training to anticipated opportunities. The agency would also have a mandate to recommend ways of maximizing benefits to Canadian industry.

In the case of the Calgary LRVs, the Major Projects Assessment Agency could have helped the city into involving leaders from Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd., Ontario's Urban Transportation Develop-

ment Corp. and Bombardier Inc. Bombardier, for one, would clearly have stood a good chance of getting the Calgary project. In May, the company beat the German consortium that supplied Calgary's main competitive bidders to produce similar vehicles for a new system in Portland. One Bombardier's price was 10 per cent lower than that of Siemens-Düsseldorfer.

The corporate nationalists also have a pariah—once a lonely prophet—in the person of Walter Gordon. Finance minister from 1963 to 1969 in the Liberal government of Prime Minister Lester Pearson, Gordon remembers just how privileged and vulnerable the Canadian automobile of the past was to pressure from the outside—in particular from Washington. As finance minister, Gordon proposed—and was forced to drop—a 30-per-cent tax on the sale of Canadian-owned, licensed-in U.S. foreign cars.

Now today he maintains "I don't think people who are not in government fully appreciate the pressures from Washington on any Canadian government."

There was little protest from Canadians when his tax proposal was abandoned. But now business nationalism is a burgeoning force. To U.S. critics, Canadian flag-wavers are merely exploiting patriotism for profit. Says Alan Buckley of New York's business research institute, The Conference Board, "The maple leaf is really just a flag tied to a hedge against foreign investment." The most astute Canadian businessmen, Buckley points out, are those who compete directly with foreigners for domestic markets.

There is plenty of protecting evidence to justify the new nationalism. Even giant Northern Telecom Canada Ltd. is in a state of worry as usual to the country's successful multinational. Northern Telecom President Russ Briffen moved there, dropping diagnostics in October.

Canada reports about two-thirds of its manufactured products—more than any other country—and suffered a negative trade balance of \$18 billion in finished goods last year.

Canada buys about 80 per cent of its technology from other nations—in their words, to do it. Canada attracts other nations to build up their technological base and spreads the chance to develop its own brain industry.



Gordon is a collection, a pariah and a disciple

Canada owns only 10 per cent of its own manufacturing industry, one of the lowest figures for domestic ownership of any developed nation.

Against such a discouraging background Jack Gallagher's Dons Petroleum Ltd. rises as a monument to the renewed syndrome of domestic entrepreneurship and expansive government policy. Initiatives favoring Canadian-owned exploration for new oil reserves mean that Dons will be virtually guaranteed a big share in northern energy development. And Dons is passing that advantage on by returning to many of the attendant economic benefits possible for Canadian firms. Most of the innovative drilling and production platforms and the servicing tankers to

ship Baffin Sea oil will be made in Canada, spreading oil wealth across the country. Dons's purchase of Dons Petroleum Ltd. of Leduc, Alta., for example, has made the company's 700 employees Canadian workers the lowest beneficiaries of national oil policy.

The list of companies helped by preferential public policy is growing and—not surprisingly—is the number of capitalist patriots. Bombardier's success in the mass transit market, for instance, was sealed by the 1974 decision by Montreal to order new metro cars from the then inexperienced manufacturer. Now, the company is constructing 180 cars for Mexico City's subway. Bombardier is also building commuter rail cars in Florida. It is a plant that it opened to conform with preferential "Buy American" regulations. Says Raymond Royce, president of the firm's mass transit division, "The differential treatment of domestic enterprises exists in practically all industrialized countries and has helped reinforce their national manufacturing sectors. We have to develop here in Canada a greater national trust in domestic industry so that we can compete in the long term with those who have developed international credibility."

With just such credibility as its major asset, Montreal's Lavalin Inc. is on its way to becoming one of the world's great engineering firms. From its beginning in 1935, Lavalin has been the province of Quebec's religious orders and governments for local French-speaking engineers in the construction of institutional and public works, educa-

Gallagher of Dons Petroleum: exploiting patriotism for profit



tioning in the construction of the Olympic Stadium and the new Jean Yvelin stadium in Quebec City. Says President Bernard Lamarre, "The fact that we worked on James Bay given us a business card with our own seal, our own emblem." The last guarantee for a foreign client is to tell him that your own people have confidence in you.

But perhaps the most recent and influential of the new nationalism is energy. Despite Blair Blair's leadership was replaced partly by his power as president and chief executive officer of ENDA. But more important are Blair's close Ottawa connections, which have been a central cause of the flowering of economic nationalism. ENDA, parent of Hasko Oil Ltd., stands to grow greatly from the National Energy Program. Ca-

business. Blair promises should be the first to benefit from massive investments in their own country. And even though, Blair argues, is critical, "I just don't think there's such a thing as a multinational company. Every company is national, according to the nationality of its investors and its senior management. They have certain national biases and they build up around their home base a constituency of engineering firms, equipment makers, suppliers, consultants, lawyers and accountants who follow the company everywhere it goes."

Blair reiterates some of the standard branch-plant economic complaints with new force. In particular, he notes the fact that branch-plant procurement policies and critical research and development programs tend to favor a company's mother country. Not only that, says Blair, the branch-plant economy has denied Canada a local entrepreneurial

Canadian-owned enterprises, how much Canadian innovative technology is contained in their products and how they are doing their part to increase beneficial ownership and control by Canadians in foreign-owned firms. Executive Vice-President Robert Pierce affirms that Nova's procurement policy is essentially one of self-interest. Declares Pierce, "Our principal corporate reason for seeking to strengthen Canadian ownership and control is that it makes good business sense. Our companies have long-standing, well-established supplier relationships to construct and operate various projects and plant facilities."

The most formidable barriers to greater Canadian economic participation remain U.S. government and business leaders. Their bluster, according to some Canadians, is tinged with hypocrisy since non-tariff protectionist policies are rampant in that country. Says

a select club of 180 chief executives of multinational corporations, the big banks and some Canadian-owned businesses. The Canadian firms are allied in interest and ideology with the foreign-owned giants. Last September, a high-powered Business Council delegation met with Industry Minister Herb Gray to outline its views on economic nationalism led by Allan Rock, president of Canadian General Electric Company Ltd., the 50-50 joint venture, told Gray that they oppose Canadianization of the oil and gas industry and that they have "strong opinions against" proposals to require public announcement of intended acquisitions by foreign companies so that Canadian firms could join the bidding.

For their part, the Americans have made it equally clear that they disapprove of Canadianization attempts and savings is already in the works. Canadian drivers may lose their access

to U.S. government lands if Interior Secretary James Watt tends to congressional pressure and decides that Canada's National Energy Program discriminates against Americans because it ties exploration incentives to Canadian ownership. The House of Representatives has voted to subject Canadian investors to the same rules as U.S. firms, which may cover no more than half the cost of taking over a U.S. company with borrowed money. In late October, President Ronald Reagan's administration issued a list of demands for Canadian policy changes. They included withdrawal of the energy policy incentives designed to increase domestic ownership of the petroleum sector and elimination of requirements that foreign takeovers of Canadian firms be of significant benefit to Canada. Canadian concerns over acid rain and the sale pact are likely areas of American retaliation if Ottawa refuses to relent.

The power of an angry United States over Canada's government is evident in Ottawa's Nov. 22 budget retreat on promises to reduce Canadianization. That retreat, however, may prove to be temporary. As External Affairs Minister Mark Macdonald warned a New York audience in September, "It would be a mistake to suppose that a Canadian government would be able or willing to resist the historical momentum of war countries' growing determination to have the necessary amount of control over its own destiny. Revolutionary rhetoric will get us nowhere, except into a more isolated and nationalistic home environment." ☐



Shephard (left) Lamer and a recent Montreal project a business card with credibility

and managerial class. "Each generation of aggressive and energetic young people has looked at the business scene and, in a higher proportion than elsewhere, they have chosen government as law or the convenience because these are the independent sources of authority in Canada," he says. "Business has been merely branch-plant."

McG's prides Blair's perceptions by denouncing of its own suppliers as securing of the Canadian content in their preferred goods and services. The Nova questionnaire that accompanies its trade invitation is a Canadian first, but one that is being copied by Petro-Canada, Dome Petroleum and others. Says Blair, "We know this because they are trying to hire our purchasing specialists." Nova asks its potential suppliers to specify the extent to which they themselves factor their Ca-

John Bellack, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business. "I would say to the Americans that we want to be as comfortable as you are, not one bit more. Then I would explain all the restrictions that the States have on imports from Canada and how our banks have been used as brokers to sell out our country." As well, says Bellack, foreign ownership has distorted Canada's business lobby. "Big business in the United States is American, big business in Japan is Japanese, big business in Germany is German, big business in Canada is American."

Bellack's letter may be directed at the country's least friendly, but most powerful business lobby: the Business Council on National Issues. Created in 1956 as a conservative lobby, with its executive office at the edge of Ottawa's Parliament Hill, the Business Council is

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At seasoned Canadian seasons players, the members of the Blues have more strength enough to maintain the swing traditions of sophisticated singer and great modernists noise. However, the satisfactions of historical replications are not always the same. The most recent December at Toronto's El Mocino bar, reveals the limitations of the 21 study professionals who take the Blues as their reference history. The bar is missing from the sales, and McConnell's arranging is self-satisfied in its emotional craftsmanship. The opener, "Red," is a bluesy ballad by the band leader, and it has some features a somewhat soloist like McConnell transcribe alone, but Darryl Gillespie's "Greatest Hits" shows how one can do very much that the Blues Bar is an excellent resting place for well-planned musical foundation. But the real test is whether the Blues Bar is a good contribution to the music.

THE RETURN OF THE DAIRYMEN COLIMS

Viní Andú and Martín Hounet
(Futura/PolyGram)

Once a British new wave band, The Darts' Columbia new consists of Martin Hannett, producer, and solo guitarist Vito Reilly. The result of their sessions is typical, splintered doodling if has faint affinities with post-punk and closer ties to such post-punk bands as Public Image Ltd. Reilly's suggestive finger style allows him to play keyboards ducts solo himself. Unfortunately, his ideas are rather feeble, and the improvisations are at once disjointed and repetitious, suggesting a great lack in a melodeade. —RAY TUNNEY

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Playing with controversy

Two social board games hit the market in time for Christmas

While fishing one hot, lazy afternoon two summers ago, a pair of young, struggling Maryland businessmen gripped about how the government puts so many obstacles in a workaholic's way but allows the lazy

man to cheat the welfare system successfully. Abandoning their lives, Bob Johnson, 38, and Bernard Trusschler, 30, grabbed a piece of cardboard and began outlining the beginnings of a new board game they would later choose



For those who seek perfection.



Public Assistance—Why Bother Working for a Living? With only \$50,000, they have so far produced and sold 50,000 copies of that game and their dice-rolling polemic on another suitably controversial theme—*Capital Punishment*. Just in time for Christmas sales, the games have hit the Canadian market and have already created a controversy.

But the Canadian distributor remains undaunted. "These games are gold," says Debbie Driflich, head of Toronto's Quality Games, which in two weeks has sold nearly 100 copies of the games at \$19.99 apiece. The games are sold in toy stores in British Columbia and southern Ontario. Within the year the entire market should be covered, and, should sales warrant, the inventors plan to adapt *Public Assistance* to the Canadian welfare scene. Driflich is confident the games will sell, because of their controversialism. Tracy Rogers, a Toronto saleswoman who recently purchased *Public Assistance*, describes the games as "hilarious. It's going to be great fun."

Public Assistance players, two to four at a time, circle the board in either the "able-bodied welfare promenade" or "the working person's rat," trying to accumulate cash. The easiest way to win is to move through the welfare track, where a player is bound to land on a

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ADVENTURE

The great China climb

By Ann Wainman

In the far western reaches of China where the Himalayas merge with the Pamir Knot, rises a mountain named Montaguta, meaning "The Mountain Father." Kirghiz here claim the peak houses a garden paradise—volcanic in white-robed mists. But when four Canadian mountaineers successfully scaled the 7,600-m Montaguta this fall, they found no garden of Eden. Chilled by temperatures approaching -30°C and buffeted by raging winds exceeding 80 km/h, the members of the first Canadian team to climb in China chose to remember simply that they were privileged—most tourists see forbidden entry to the region.

From their perch on a black-white ice cornice that sweeps across the top like a frozen wave, they looked down on a glorious view of neighboring Afghanistan and the Soviet Union. "You should [have been] elated but you had the ele-



Reinhardt, Anatt and Gallagher on the mount (above). Kirghiz cemetery below (right). Anatt sitting out on camp



ments to contend with," said Pat Reinhardt, one of the climbers. "It was like standing in a wind tunnel getting flecks of snow landing into your skin."

Marrow's occupation on the 800,000 hike to the summit were Lloyd Gallagher, 42, a veteran climber, now an alpine specialist with Alberta's Kananaskis Provincial Park, and Stephen Reinhardt, 38, a Canadian doctor now living in Seattle, Wash., and specializing in high-altitude medicine. The only member who failed to reach the top was expedition leader John Anatt, 36, who was forced to turn back on the final day due to stomach problems. All are part of the 20-member Western Canadian-based team scheduled to ascend Mount Everest's 8,848 m in September, 1992—Canada's first Everest expedition. It's a long-delayed opportunity for the Canadian climbing community, whose members have been sharpening their skills on rugged Canadian slopes and foreign mountains for several years.

As one of several pre-Everest training climbs, Montaguta's major challenges are its cold temperatures and high altitude (altitude being the only ingredient missing from Canadian climbing, where the highest peak, Mount Logan, tops out at under 6,000 m). Above 5,300 m the scarcity of oxygen can bring on shortness of breath, nausea, retinal hemorrhages, and even a buildup of lung fluid.

Outfitted with high-altitude gear and colorful yurt-like tents, the team set out from Canada in late August, five weeks in Kashgar and based along part of the 100 Mile Road (now the Karakoram Highway) to the village of Subashki.

There they acquired a train of intelligent camels for carrying 400 kg of food and equipment to base camp at 4,500 m on Montaguta. The threat of stormy weather cut short their acclimatization period, and using this equipment with steady winds for the high-deep snow, they climbed up the mountain for five days. The altitude affected their sleep most of all says Anatt. "You'd wake up feeling like you were suffocating." Sept. 16 brought the blustery final summit ascent and the "long-burning" downhill slide in Chang IV at 6,000 m, where the team collapsed, exhausted. Anatt feels the 18-day expedition will prove invaluable for the eventual Everest trek. And, they ask, where else could a climber share rhapsodies of yagurt with Kirghiz tribesmen and watch a grassy game of chess unfold—a free-for-all battle on horseback using a desiccated goat.

After climbs by other Everest team members, such as one to Mount Neptun, have also focused attention on the sport. And in April a highly difficult trek up Gangaparis marked the first new route Canadians have ever carved in the Nepalese Himalayas says Gangaparis climber John Lawless. "To me, Gangaparis and the climb we've been doing are steps along the way, kind of expanding what we can do and what has been done before. You can't expect to do Everest naked and in your socks."

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RELIGION

Bikers riding for Christ



Browner (left) with jacketed biker in prayer, attending a Sunday service

"The biggest challenge we get is when the police pull us over," says the long-haired, bearded biker. "They give us the third degree. And when we tell them we're going to church, they give us that 'Oh sure' look." Meet Pastor Ed (Dusty) Browner, former outlaw biker and head of the Eastern-based Christian Bikers Association (CBA)—an organization whose phenomenal growth matches its extraordinary mission: bringing bikers to Christ. Since its inception in Danville, Ont., in 1978, the group has spawned 18 affiliates across the country and draws 700 international members (including women) to meet in the United States and missionaries in Papua and Africa). And the number of cyclists joining clubs such as Peterborough's Revelation Riders or California's Christ Patrol shows no signs of abating.

"We use motorcycles as a way to reach a certain group of people. But most Christians or citizens are afraid to talk to," explains Browner, who rides a bulked 1900-cc Harley-Davidson. The Pentecostal minister at Hallow Gospel Temple in Georgetown, Ont., visits bikers in jails and hospitals where, he says, they are a "negative audience." Members offer evange Christ as their personal savior before they join the association or convert at club meetings, rallies or even Christmas banquets. Older bikers, ravaged by drugs, alcohol and street violence, regard the Christian club as a place where they can shed old habits while at the same time retaining vestiges of their former selves.

In the basement of the Faith Gospel Temple in Burlington, Ont., gather 15 members of the Christian Bikers Motorcycle Club. Black-skirted and leather-

jacketed, they meet every second Monday night for Bible study and prayer. Follow Dean Stiles of St. Catherine, Ont., onto the secondary mosque stage as "Black on the inside, Christian on the outside." The testimony of Randy O'Keefe best defines the club's appeal. Before being "born again," the 30-year-old trucker rode with outlaws addicted to drugs and alcohol, he created his wife "like a punching bag" and "had a thing about blacks and Pakistanis." Then, he made a deal with God and joined the group last month. He aptly offers club members a sign the club gives them: the kind of support and fellowship they need to keep from backsliding into what brow again calls their "old ways."

Born-again bikers convert their bikes when they convert their souls. Angels paraphernalia swiftly replaces the custom. Crosses, praying hands and angels wings are welded onto handlebars. Gas tanks display airbrushed paintings of biblical scenes. And the jacket crests of some outlaws once boldly identifying "Hell's Angels" now announce that "Jesus is Lord." By next year, he must be born again.

By all of 1984's members are ex-bikers. The Browner and O'Keefe—about 80 per cent come from occupations as varied as cabaret-making and banking and are simply motorcycle lovers. One Ontario couple in their 70s with a Honda Gold Wing 1000, ride regularly in 374 towns. Freewheeling tours are enhanced by bikers' residual "normal" lives which represent the movement's strongest card. Explains Browner: "Besides Christianity, motorcycling's the greatest freedom in the world—you get it, feel it, taste it—there's nothing like it." —ANDREW NAUGHTON

SILVER SANDS
A rum whose time has come.

When workers fall like dominoes

By Margaret Cannon

It was a humid day on the assembly floor of an Ontario radio components plant. Without warning, a woman fainted. Soon 11 other workers were complaining of nausea, dizziness and weakness. After plant officials spent the night vainly treating a cough, warming food 25 more employees (1). Ministry of labor doctors and engineers scoured the plant for every possible poison, but none could be found. When the wadily faded days later, workers returned, warning had air from a nearby brewery. Management, confused but relieved, let the incident rest. What had occurred, says Dr. Her Taraschuk, medical consultant to the ministry's Occupational Safety Branch, was a case of epidemic hysteria—an event so baffling



and so crowded in myth that ministry officials have managed to confirm only one other such case in the past five years.

First recorded in the Middle Ages, when villagers danced frenziedly, alerted by the black death, hysteria has baffled observers ever since. Health officials believe it struck this summer at a Turner Valley, Alta., school, where 24 children collapsed, but the freakish outbreaks can also wreak havoc in industry. Doctors and psychologists, increasingly sensitive to the impact of

workplace pressure on employees, are now leaving the formidable obstacles of union hostility and management uncooperative to explore the phenomenon that topples care-worn people like dominoes. With the publication this winter of two groundbreaking books that delve into the syndrome's causes, hysteria is finally bridging the gap between superstition and science.

A barrage of frustrations leads to a mass outbreak. "The affected workers are usually young women with small children. They are working at dead-end

jobs for low pay and are the major breadwinners for their families," explains Dr. François Bonin of Quebec City's Centre Hospitalier de l'Université Laval. One of the world's few experts on the exotic illness, he will be represented in the first textbook to probe it. That picture draws as easily from Dr. Michael Colligan, editor of the first in-depth monograph of hysteria in the factory and workroom. Colligan's questionnaires show that workers are already complaining of headaches, fatigue and vague illnesses before an episode.

Add a dose of discontent over a rapid wage rise, too much overtime or a new machine, and the malaise of mass hysteria ensues. Then one woman's sick child or home worries become the crucial trigger. In a fish-packing plant, a keppach department or a shoe factory, the monster stays little. The first person to faint is known to be sick, and suspected employees quickly follow suit, and before the shift ends, pandemonium threatens the assembly line. "With

no way out from work or stress," Colligan sums up, "Hysteria becomes an acceptable way of coping with frustration."

While most documented cases have involved women, Taraschuk questions the blue-collar female theme (men have been known to succumb). A menial job, not personality or gender, is the factor precipitating breakdowns, he insists. But proving the point presents a challenge that stresses researchers: as Taraschuk puts it, "You'd have to investigate every case in all the files of every occupational health specialist." Nor is that, in itself, the only obstacle in the frustrating search for an epidemic's genesis. Interviewed after a possible epidemic, workers are forgetful and managers leery of psychological tags. Says Strou, "Industry fears such incidents will be blamed on mismanagement. Unseen fear workers will be accused of simulating illness or cheating. And many people still don't consider a psychological illness a real thing. You don't miss work for it."

One union leader he rejects that notion is Jim Gill, legislative director for the United Auto Workers. "We have plants that could fit the psychological description," admits Gill, who worries about the superhuman of invisible working conditions and rapid supervision. "Anytime you have a list of people getting sick, it's no coincidence."

While labor and industry boggle over the reality of the illness, theories about its cause are developing faster than cases to study. Some speculate that bored brains self-stimulate with illness, others add that fears of radiation from new technology such as video display terminals can cause an outbreak. Even the necessity of pinching the human on the latest microscopic marvel can hasten a collapse. To Colligan, whose goal is a test alerting doctors to likely outbreaks before they happen, the imperative is clear: the workplace itself must be treated. "If our intent is at all preventive, they will rat say, this worker will get sick, but this work situation is dangerous. And that's healthier." ◇



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An additive attack

Asthma sufferers are warned to avoid monosodium glutamate

Many patrons of Chinese restaurants are all too familiar with the flashes and heart palpitations that often follow consumption of oriental delights liberally sprinkled with monosodium glutamate (MSG). But

while the temporary "Chinese restaurant syndrome" is a benign reaction, Australian doctors David Allen and Gary Baker warn that asthma sufferers who eat food heavily laced with MSG run a potentially "life threatening" risk.

In *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Allen and Baker last month detailed the cases of two asthmatics, both on additive-free diets, who experienced crippling wheezing and tightening bronchial passages after eating in a Chinese restaurant. Suspecting MSG to be the catalyst, the doctors gave their patients 3.0 grams of the additive (half a day later they were again gripped by severe asthma attacks).

The doctors' charge follows a decade-old barrage of criticism aimed at the controversial all-purpose seasoning, flavor enhancer and meat tenderizer. Twelve years ago manufacturers voluntarily removed MSG from baby food in response to consumer pressure, and ecologists still label it as one of the 10 most dangerous food additives. Linda Pim, a researcher at Toronto's Pollution Probe who has just revised her book, *Additive Alert*, says MSG is a substance to shun: "There is evidence from animal studies that it causes brain damage, possible birth defects, and in humans it has been linked to depression."

While most's defenders are accustomed to these charges, they are particularly outraged at this latest attempt to cast aspersions. Richard Croisel, executive director of the Glutamate Association in Atlanta, Ga., calls the Australian findings "a poor anecdotal observation." "There are a great many holes in their work," he protests. Croisel points out that there were only two subjects, given one massive dose, whose symptoms developed half a day later. Normally, the body metabolizes MSG completely within three hours. He asks incredulously, "What are people on additive-free diets doing eating in a Chinese restaurant, anyway?"

For their parts, Allen and Baker acknowledge that the interval between consumption and attack is unusually long and "unlike any other reaction to a food additive." Yet they feel this supports their position that MSG is a hitherto ignored cause of asthma attacks. Croisel disagrees: "There have been several attempts to link asthma and MSG and it has never been proved conclusively." But Susan Rudnik of Toronto's Allergy Information Association reports that she receives at least a call a month from an asthma sufferer experiencing post-dinner chest tightening. She thinks MSG might be the culprit and recommends that asthmatics eliminate the additive from their regimen.

As the MSG debate heats up again, avoiding the additive may prove difficult. As Pim points out, Chinese restaurants are not the only ones who season their dishes with MSG. Any establishment where food is left to sit for hours on buffets or under warming lights is likely to use the substance to retain flavor.

—CATHERINE BLOD

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Caring for the little children

As the demand for day care heightens, caring entrepreneurs flood in to fill the void

By Joanna Kidd

Dianne King and Michael Levy know only too well how the best-laid plans can go awry. When King was four months pregnant, the young married couple got on a waiting list for a much-needed day-care centre near their home in Toronto's High Park area. Their foresight enabled King to return to work as a computer programmer for the Ontario government when Aaron was six months old. But their equilibrium was shaken two months later when the centre announced that it would close, and the couple flew into a near panic, consulting friends and neighbours to find a substitute for the dilemma. Intense salvific came in the form of a friend with a nanny who offered to take Aaron for six months. Now, Levy, an elementary school



Aaron, King and Levy: well-laid plans go awry

teacher, makes a mad dash to school at 7:15 each morning to deliver his seven-month-old son and a 10-month-old daughter through heavy traffic in sight. King, on the other hand, starts work early so she can watch a few precious hours with Aaron before he goes to bed. "It's really hard to have such little time with him," says the 30-year-old mother, "but what can I do?"

Many parents know the feeling as they struggle to care for their children and pay the grocery bills—a balancing act that drives mothers and fathers alike to the work force. Says the Ontario Federation of Labour's (OFL) program co-ordinator, André Fournell: "The old situation—husband works, wife stays home, 2½ kids, two cars in the garage, white picket fence—there just aren't too many families like that anymore."

The result: few remain at home to nudge the children. Bedeviled with guilt, parents worry not only about forcing out poorer day-care facilities, but also about entrusting their children's mental and psychological development to less than professional attention. Once perceived as a radical and outrageous demand pushed by feminists, day

care has become a necessity for many families. As the numbers of two-career families and single parents are expanding, the labor pool, businesses and spouses have awakened to the fact that day care is an essential service. Aware of the demand as well, caring entrepreneurs are leaping into the breach with innovative alternatives from emergency day-care services to 24-hour nurseries.

Grassy 1's children: meeting the emergency needs



Though the obstacles to the growth of day care are many, developments point to a new era in the field. "When we first got involved in day care in 1974, there was no debate for universal day care," says Pat Schultz, of the Toronto-based advocacy group Action Daycare. "But the climate has really changed around the issue, drastically, and I think that has to happen before you win much." Echoes Catherine Macdonell, the acting human rights director of the OFL, which voted overwhelmingly in favor of universal publicly funded day care at its annual convention last year. "There's obvious momentum. I think you can say that a movement has been started—the day-care movement."

Which still needs to be won. Figures from the National Day Care Information Centre in Ottawa show that in 1979 only 15.4 per cent of children aged 2 to 6 were enrolled in licensed day-care facilities. The number of day-care spaces in 1979—34,983—has since to be up seven per cent nationally since 1978.

For the family who can't find, or who can't afford, the only alternative is unlicensed, unmonitored "home care." In the Ottawa-Carleton area, we probably have at any one time a good 1,200 children on the waiting list, claims Economy Secretary, president of the area day-care association. "That's when they go to the little hole down the street, or 'Auntie Flo' as mother's in-law like."

So pressing is the issue that many future parents plan their lives and careers around the availability of day care. Ruth Herman, 32, is one such parent. While attending law school at Toronto's York University, Herman planned the birth of her first child around an opening at the university-run day-care centre. Upon moving to Vancouver, she spent five months unemployed, searching for a centre for her daughter. Now, she and her husband, David Gladovsky, a teacher, are preparing the birth of their next child until Anna, 4, is in kindergarten. "I just can't afford to have two children in day care," says the



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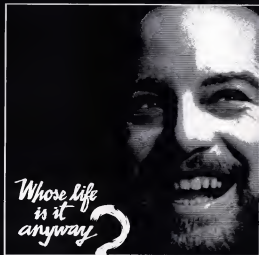
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young professional, who estimates the yearly day-care cost for two kids at almost \$1,800. At a time when they are frantically shopping house mortgages of \$1,200 a month, says Herman, "It's a real financial burden."

Fortunately, some novel projects have floated in to fill the void. The Vancouver branch of the YMCA opened Granny Y's last summer to provide emergency child care for up to five days. Explains Sharon Wilms, assistant director of support services: "People used to call up and say, 'I'm a single mom, I've just moved to town. Can you look after my kids while I get on my feet?' and there was absolutely nothing I could do for them." Swamped by requests for the service, the YMCA is planning another centre for next summer.

While emergency services provide an excellent stop-gap measure, entrepreneurs such as Terry MacIver have extended that vision to include around-the-clock centres. MacIver just opened up The Children's Place in the research and development park of Kanata, Ont. "I worked in personnel and finance two years ago and I could see it coming—the need for flexible hours and 24-hour care." In Hamilton, Ont., single parent Sharon Peace, 35, agrees that rigidly scheduled centres fall short of shift workers' needs. Peace was fortunate to enrol her son at A New Life Children's Centre, a 24-hour day-care co-operative. "I have to be at work at 4:30 in the morning, and most centres don't open until 8:00," says Peace, a postal carrier. "I wanted Willy in a centre, not in someone's house watching TV. If it wasn't for this place, I'd have to stay home on welfare to look after him."

Although many businesses have resisted financing workplace day care, a few employers are now responding. As former director of Toronto City Hall's Mother Home Centre for children of municipal employees, Peter Landry knows that providing child-care services makes good business sense: "It's a pay-

Chodkowski, Anne and Norman plotting careers around day-care openings.



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ological thing—if parents have to report to an unknown bureaucrat whose name they got from a supermarket bulletin board, then part of their psyche is not at work. It's home worrying about the child." Some companies that cannot set up facilities on the premises have opted to help existing ones expand to accommodate their employees' needs. Manufacturers' Life Insurance offered \$52,000 to the Hilda Roberts Day Care Centre in Toronto for renovations. In return, the company received priority in placement of its employees' children.

Capitalizing on the lack of day-care facilities in the controversial Algonquin-based giant Kinder-Care, known in Canada as Mini-Schools Ltd. Dubbed the McDonald's of day care, the company now claims an empire of more than 700 centres, 36 of which are located in Ontario and Manitoba. Last year, it announced plans to build 100 more centres from Edmonton to Hamilton, Ont., by 1985. Many in the day-care field, however, worry that a proliferation of profit-making centres will lead to a drop in quality. As alarm sounds, the Ottawa-Carleton Day Care Association has passed city hall to pass a motion opposing Kinder-Care from moving into the area. "It's rather like getting the recipe for Kentucky Fried Chicken," says the association's Bennett. "They have set weekly and monthly programs, and we



A Mini-School centre: capitalizing on the lack of day-care facilities.

don't feel that's necessary. If you've got good teachers, they don't need that kind of crutch." But Jocelyn Gowers, Kinder-Care's Canadian director of operations, disagrees. "I've found that the words 'finance,' 'sales' and 'marketing' really scare a lot of day-care operators."

Whatever the fears of day-care advocates, it cannot be denied that Kinder-Care is fulfilling a need for day care, and the success of the operation is per-

haps the clearest indication of the immediacy of the need. (Households will protect an estimated 87-cent-a-share dividend in 1981.) Says Gowers, "We feel we're doing a fine job. People can leave their children with us and not be concerned about the care they're receiving—and that's what really matters."

What else from Donald Gutman, Janet Kist and Dennis Valberg.



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Art weaves its way into the tapestry of history

MAN OF IRON

Directed by Andrzej Wajda

"What did you expect?" was a common remark in the news that the brilliant Polish film *Man of Iron* had won the grand prize at the 1981 Cannes Film Festival. Undoubtedly, this frank, festival account of the free Polish trade union Solidarity, with a giant appearance by Lutz Walsen himself, is powerful anti-Soviet propaganda. Filmed after the 1980 Gdansk shipyard revolt, incorporating documentary footage from this event and previous uprisings, *Man of Iron* is, however, more than just a passionate call to arms.

Wajda's (*Marina* Opener), a film journalist, has been fingered by the state to dig up dirt on Mieczek (Henryk Hadowicz), a leader of the new union. Wajda is a buffoon, a Shakespearean lover-lifter who spends much of his assignment tracking down a drink in a guard

of the premise that without concern of the get, revelations would never happen at all. Why are the Polish workers in revolt, in fact? As the historians tell us, with nary a trace of Marxism or Leninism, they don't have enough to eat and the party bosses do. Why does Mieczek rebel? Because he feels guilty that his father was murdered in the 1970 uprising, which Mieczek did not support. His desire, romantic desire for women, told to Wajda in flashback by friends and relatives, merges with the rebellions of others around him. Although the film ends with the resignation of the trade union, its true climax occurs earlier when Mieczek is thrown in jail during his wife's pregnancy. His co-workers take up a collection for his release, as they say haltingly, of their "solidarity," the first mention of the word in the film. Out of private acts are born future generations and the ideals by which they live.

Although *Man of Iron* is superbly



Krzysztof Janda, Andrzejewicz, fictional account of Polish trade union Solidarity

acted throughout, boredom does creep into its riveting structure. However, director Andrzej Wajda's melding of documentary footage into the narrative is masterful; in its "documentary" and "fictional" interstices, the image of Walsen forcefully brings home Wajda's reminiature of the action of film as a hard record subjectively shaped by time. Yesterday's documentary is today's art, and through the confidence of events such as the birth of Solidarity that art in turn is woven into the tapestry of history. —MARK CHARNICKI



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Suffering from shut-eye

FRAGILE FREEDOMS
by Thomas R. Berger
(Clarke, Irwin, \$17.95)

"S bedded and disappointed," was how the Honorable Mr. Justice Thomas Berger of the British Columbia Supreme Court described his reaction to the renewed charter of rights suggested earlier this month. "Where was he when we were fighting?" growled Prime Minister Trudeau in response. "I didn't see him writing the newspaper then."

In fact, Thomas Berger was writing—but not in newspapers. With striking timing, *Fragile Freedoms*, Berger's argument for a more comprehensive charter of rights, hit the bookstores the very month the constitutional battle peaked. The book is Berger's emotional contribution to the debate on how best to protect and defend civil liberties in Canada. It is a curious contribution—fused, interesting in its broad assumptions, yet at the same time, that night, all admitted was who can see clearly at least one half of the deed that ensures freedom today.

Berger structures his book around eight specific incidents in Canadian history, beginning with the explosion of the *Academist* in 1773 and concluding with the Supreme Court decision of 1979 which, in effect, denied B.C.'s *Nisgaen* Indians their aboriginal rights. His aim is to remind Canadians of their historical shortcomings in areas related to minority rights.

Lucid and well written, this book ought to be read, if for no other reason than its accessible information on our history. But it is questionable whether some of Berger's examples are the best illustration of a human rights problem. For instance, it is difficult to see how a charter of rights would have prevented the corrupt administration of Maurice Duplessis from depriving *Jehonisk's* *Watusen* Frank Rosemirelli of a liquor license for his restaurant. A liquor commissioner didn't then have to give reasons for the refusal of a license to dispense the domain run any more than the Ontario Council Board has to give reasons for issuing a move.

At the same time Berger falls into many of the patterns that are the hallmark of the best and worst in contemporary liberal thought. He begins the book with several assumptions. First, that ethnic and racial diversity are Good Things and, second, that assimilation of minority groups is bad and



Berger can see half the devil clearly

non-Canadian. These may be correct assumptions but they have only the force of myth and faith unless the reasoning that leads to them is developed. Berger simply leaves them at the status of faith. Indeed, he undercuts his own argument by concluding that most successful free societies have worked because of their homogeneity and that ethnic pluralism has caused enormous problems—but he will not tackle the inevitable questions this raises about cause and effect. The problem is that Berger wishes to endorse his myths at the point of the law. Affirmative action, enforced bilingualism and aboriginal rights are all anathema to him—even though he refuses to deal with the very substantial difficulties they raise for the people and society they are supposed to benefit.

This sort of blinkered vision hampers a great deal of the book. Berger rightly sees that a free society can only remain free if it tolerates dissent and that this tolerance must extend even to enemies of free speech such as the Canadian Communist party. "Democracy" rejects the president's endorsement of the West as an open society open the right of the individual to think as he will, to believe what he chooses, and to speak his own truth." Still, speaking one's

own truth may be a limited affair in Berger's books. He acknowledges that Canada's hate-translator legislation limits free expression, and then condemns it as the affirmation of "society's own commitment to racial equality." The freedom to speak one's own truth—however wrong-headed—does not apply to people Berger does not like.

Berger has considerable ability to fight the devil on the extreme right wing and to look the other way when the devil approaches from the left. If we are to come to terms with our past and to strengthen our future, as he wishes, then it can only be done with both eyes open. Not just the one on the right.

—BARBARA AMEL

Grace distilled from darkness

A FLAG FOR SUNSHINE
by Robert Stone
(Warren, Moon, \$18.95)

The arid arena of despair haunts heavy here. The much of this despair—the defeated, the hunted, the perched—visible forward, and so, the very visible in the distance, which only seems possible through a sort of violence. In the darkest night of the soul it is to be found the greatest pos-



Stone: Confronted to the counterculture

sibility for grace. This is Robert Stone territory.

Vietnam remains a reference point for *A Flag for Sunshine* as it was, more emphatically, for Stone's previous, much celebrated *Dog Soldiers*. However, the main character, in a 30-year-old anthropology who once did intelligence work for "the Company" in Vietnam. Now "the Company" has asked him to do the same in Texas, a Central American human republic ruled by a dictator with the blessing of

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There are moments of revelation in *Traces*. Since he is scheduled to give a lecture in a host country, perhaps Halliwell might see some trace of the secretions of an American man and priest who operate a mission on the republic's coast? Traumatized by the experience of Vietnam, Halliwell refuses "To tell me something, Professor," asks his contact, "how you stopped believing that people have to take sides?" Halliwell replies, "but means you in Vietnam be stand at evil and recognized how casual one's complicity in obscene acts can become. Like others of his generation, he is morally groping; a profound skepticism of absolute concepts silently with an urgent need of them. Elsewhere, after he has finished his lecture, something taps him toward Texas.

Like *Converse in Dog Salvoes*, Halliwell is the detached man who seeks to become engaged, disinterested, naïf, while playing for existential challenge. In his two-way with destiny, his fate intersects with Sister Justine Fowler, a nun whose sense of Christian purpose is rekindled by the revolutionary cause, and, like Pabla, a coast guard deserter and speed freak whose psychotic ravings find shivering expression in his treatment of those who would "burn me around," as well as with an assortment of weak and damned secondary characters.

These facts his ethereal vision by casting the Hemingwayesque mode against the world with the help of Graham Greene (again through mail conflict) and achieves in the process a relentless narrative. Occasionally—notably with Halliwell and Justine—he takes our interest by raising moral dilemmas that lack the substitution of character detail. But when he's good, which is often, there are few writers who can teach his ability to lean the textures of persona or the weak, precise lessons that serve as the language of transient apocalypse. When he is good, *Traces* takes us deep into the heart of darkness. He's a counter-culture Conrad. Mr. Kurtz isn't dead. He's alive and well, and who could have doubted it?

—JOHN LONESTAR

Me, myself, I and occasionally them

LILY HESCOR: A SELF-PORTRAIT by Mary Meigs (Telachols #10)

When artists have sought far corners to express their creativity in the face of degradation from a patriarchal society. For many, this battle has been intertwined with the need to express taboo sexual

instincts, whether lesbian or androgynous, and it is this double revolt New England painter and writer Mary Meigs chronicles in her autobiography. The Lily Hescor of the title is a character from Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, an unmarried painter who studiously attempts to resolve the formal problems of a landscape and her feelings about loss. Trained in an era of Meigs's own predicament, but in fact, her life in the title is misleading and provides a more profound interweaving of fiction and fact than is actually the case. This book is definitely, exhaustively, sometimes compellingly and often boringly about Meigs, a woman of 64 who lives in Quebec's Saint-



Meigs: it has been her fate to play Tolkien to two Shins

ere Townships with novelist Margaret Atwood, 20 years her junior.

Meigs's fate has been to play Alice B. Toklas to two Gertrude Steins, the other being the American poetical activist and writer Barbara Deming. Although Meigs has become a recognized artist in her own right, she has difficulty accepting the hated homosexual role her own nature seems to have dictated for her. She is also never less than unpedagogically honest and ruthless in describing the desperately long road, crowded with art schools, drooping and rejection, she had to travel before blossoming into the artist she always felt herself to be. In youth, nature has been her strength and constant guide. Birds especially are her totem, symbol of freedom to the aspiring artist trapped in a prison followed by hostile nature and rebellion gone. But Meigs has never come close to starving in a spirit and, gently, she knows it—her wistful, upper-class pedigree placed her in a gilded cage, not behind iron bars.

Meigs's spiritual mentor was the American artist Edward Wilson, who introduced Edith to her just as he introduced Quebec writing to America at large. The poem Meigs spent with Wilson's circle on Cape Cod affected her with the same violent strain of New

England (and Eastern Townships) optimism that flows back through Jacques Ferrus, Kermode and Emily Dickenson to Whitman and Thoreau. "Books are a form of witchcraft," writes Meigs, and hidden beneath the benign surface of her patriotic prose lurk not just her private demons, but the public demons of extremism which have driven Americans to witch-hunts, red and slavery, from Salem to Vietnam. Lily Hescor is ultimately unsatisfying despite its sparkling scenes, its occasional idylls (in a dream, Pierre Trudeau gives her a "quick little French kiss") and its torrential analyses of lesbian love and friendship. Ambivalence, respect and perhaps compassion are all

the reader can grant this astute observer of life who wonders if some homosexual deficiency might be responsible for her discomfort in sex and who is always careful not to throw anything breakable in life's way. If it had been written up to someone who completes an autobiography, (illustrates the dual subject with a painting of herself and then writes inside, "If I had the obscure wish to torment myself on a certain day, I would start a self-portrait."

—MARK CHAMBERLIN

Who throws out the green peppers?

THE SECOND STAGE by Betty Friedman (Masson, \$10.95)

Back in 1962, the word "nuclear" went with the word "family." This was a sort of social energy whereas the man made the money, the woman ran the house and the various dinner came with special attachments for getting the dog bits out of the situation again. But with the power base of women reduced to 25 kids, something had to give—and it did, just about the time that Betty Friedman wrote *The*

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Freeman long on after-dinner rhetoric

Freemove Myrtae: The nuclear family began to split into a dance of particles which hasn't come to rest yet.

According to Friedman, this was the first stage of feminism. Women went to work with a vengeance, and the desire to have children or to stay at home began to seem almost anti-feminist. At the same time, some working women discovered that following in men's footsteps was a long walk down a very short pier. In *The Secret Stage*, Friedman examines the subject all over again and concludes that the family is the only creature in which these contradictions can be worked out.

First Friedman must pry the issue of family away from both its right-wing defenders and the abortion-60s-gay-rights camp misinterpreted as its enemy. The fact is, the genders out, both sides are polarized around an obsolete model.

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Noble House*, Clavin (1)
- 2 *The Hotel New Hampshire*, Irving (1)
- 3 *Bodily Harm*, Atwood (1)
- 4 *Coda*, King (1)
- 5 *An Inconvenient Obsession*, MacLennan (1)
- 6 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, MacLennan (1)
- 7 *The Third Deadly Sin*, Jordan (1)
- 8 *The Endless English*, Gurney (1)
- 9 *Blood Upon the Waters*, Shaw (1)
- 10 *God Emperor of Dune*, Herbert (17)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Aquilons*, Newman (1)
- 2 *Flowers Across the Border*, Brown (1)
- 3 *The Art of Robert Rauschenberg*, Derry (1)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Mermel (1)
- 5 *Invitation to a Royal Wedding*, Spink (1)
- 6 *Men of Property*, Goldstein (1)
- 7 *The Game of Our Lives*, Goodwin (1)
- 8 *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Mead (1)
- 9 *Confessions*, Squire (1)
- 10 *The Secret Life of the Unicorn*, Chabon (1)

(1) Previous best seller

less than seven per cent of American households conform to a Norman Rockwell painting. Most people now live in two-carrier hybrid households, struggling with the daily problems of reconciling love and work.

The new task of feminism, according to Friedman, is to resolve those petty "personal problems" supposedly beneath politics. Whatever is currently beneath politics is usually the next frontier. So far, so good. But we are back to the question of who is supposed to throw the rotten green peppers out of the crusher—who didn't, who prom-

ised to, who ought to, and so on. These are the concrete problems of "living with equality."

The Secret Stage reads like a domestic argument that's on the right track but has descended to the particulars—to those all-important green peppers and contests covered in unfocused toast omelets. Friedman may be right about the future of the family, but with sentences such as "the family is the ancient matrix of our permafrost," she drifts away from the concrete into an after-dinner speech full of dreamy abstractions.

—MAURIT JACKSON

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RADIO

The chattering box



In late October the CBC awarded the licence for a new Ottawa AM radio station to Standard Broadcasting Corp. in return for its promise to commit 46 per cent of its air time to information programming. When CBC began broadcasting next fall, it will offer its listeners not only music, but a healthy dose of news, daily lifestyle reports and phone-in talk shows. A decade ago, such an emphasis would have meant ratings death in a medium characterized by fast-talking 'us and him'-oriented three-minute hits. But the AM radio's image screen has been increasingly muted by conventional news information, but entertainment, is becoming the staple of the AM band as it seeks to regain lost audiences.

During the '70s, a radio's target audience of baby-boom teenagers grew up—and was drawn to the more sophisticated programming of FM stations whose numbers have grown from 65 in 1970 to 178 in 1981. In the past four years, only CBI AM, with its emphasis on news and information, has significantly gained listeners. As a result, a worried industry has turned to what Robert Usher, vice-president of programming at Montreal's CVO, terms "creative talk," as a means of winning back the older audience.

The most common form of "creative talk" are newscasts, which have become noticeably larger and more frequent. "Before, news had to be a light, two-line news that would fit the city's snappy style," says Barry Henslin, chief of audio services at Montreal News, the re-

do arm of The Canadian Press. "Now stations are demanding not only good news coverage, but in-depth features as well." The reward of such programming has been better ratings. According to C.R. Nichols, news director at CBO, Edmonton's most popular station, "News has become our number 3 draw."

The promise of increased ratings has goaded broadcasters into testing more unorthodox forms of talk than straight newscasts. When the return of Montreal's CVO began to sag after years of broadcasting what Lacey calls "the Frank Sinatra format," the station came up with a 3½-hour morning talk show. In 1979. Since then, the audience has increased from 26,000 to 36,000. Similarly, Rogers Broadcast Productions of Toronto began experimenting with its own bonafide interest-lifestyle program, Sunday Sunday, last year partly in response to CBC's successful Sunday Morning already it is carried on 50 stations across the country.

Nevertheless, talk is not cheap: a news hour costs much more expensive than a single disc jockey playing records. CVO's Canada's "all-news network" aired on six FM stations and one AM station, has lost \$14 million since it began in 1977. But just as AM radio survived earlier onslaughts of movies and television, the most recent cries of doom are giving way to rumors of revival. Says Henslin: "The real golden days are beginning now." History might agree with him. At least for a while. —Suzanne McKat

With files from Nicholas Jennings

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Editorial instinct

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Because of our publishing history, it is surprising to some that almost half of Maclean Hunter's revenue

comes from communications enterprises like broadcasting, cable, printing. Even so, in the past ten years publications like Maclean's, Chatelaine, L'Espresso, Flare, have almost quadrupled their contribution to Maclean Hunter revenue.

In fact, there are now twenty Maclean Hunter publications that people read for pleasure and information, often in specific areas of interest, such as those covered by Canadian Yachting, Photo Canada,

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¹² The soldier on the right is the questioned witness.

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An upheaval of logic

Magnifica's *Empire of Light* is creating mysterious or impossible situations.

Sometime after 1803, an unknown painter commemorated the life of a French gentleman. The portrait's subject was surrounded by religious icons, while outside his window pink roses blushed delicately and a songbird sang softly through the air. The finished painting was placed in a large, wooden, ornamental frame and hung in a room in Paris. It is now 180 years old. In the fall of 1903, forty-seven years later, the socialist painter Jean Miro repaired sections of the portrait he drew a cutting black line on the forehead, added some fanciful graffiti to obscure the natural scene outside, erased a good deal of the gentleman's formidable features and turned in a three-year morose. The man now looks terribly unappealing.

The prevalent attitude toward the post-colonial in *Portraits of a Man in a Late Nineteenth-Century France* provides a good deal of the painting's *Four Modern Masters* by Chirico, Ernst, Magritte, and Miro. The exhibition, which opened on 22 at Gallery's Glasgow Museum (its single North American venue), features 60 paintings, drawings and sculptures from the New York Museum of Modern Art's extensive surrealist collection, supplemented by private and public lenders. *Four Modern Masters* not only affords an opportunity to see acknowledged masterpieces, but it also makes clear how pervasive has been the influence of surrealism as 20th-century art.

Barthes was an originalist in the 1930s as a call to arms against conventional morality, good taste and accepted literary forms. Postmodernism supposedly had no role in the creative process (although a certain degree of calculation was inevitable), and ambiguity, paradox and incommensurable juxtaposition became standard attitudes toward composition. The hallucinatory clarity of dreams, in both their nightmarish and blissful aspects, informed much of the movement. An self-styled revolutionaries, the surrealists were against a good deal, but they passionately supported one method of expression that allowed the imagination free play.

Then the review explains the great diversity in Four Moderns: Max Ernst's fantastic and technically imprecise paintings were products of a different world from the compulsive themes of space presented over by Giorgio de Chirico, the adopted father of the surrealist painters; similar to the styles have been observed, these two artists have an abstraction of Miro and the repressed, intellectual images of Belgian-born René Magritte. Magritte created mysterious or impossible situations, and in aspening about any painting the viewer is invariably encouraged to ask questions: in *L'Amorceur*, how did an oversized headscarf come to be in that corner? Or, in *Empire of Light II*, how can it be day and night at the same time?

The most fantastic of the quartet is



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The German News Magazine

Man Frost, whose images are caught in states of inner transformation. In *Napoleon in the Wilderness*, the emperor has fancy clothes. He changes into something exotic, while his female companion's elongated acceptance becomes a purgatory. The natural forms—animal, human and vegetable—blend into a single, porous surface. In spite of the painting's flagrant elements, *Napoleon in the Wilderness* approaches an acceptable severity.

In contrast, *Mind*, the only abstraction in the exhibition, is consistently lyrical and whimsical. The dense works by him are a revelation, from the irrepressible humor of *Portrait of Mrs. Rosa* (1950), to the almost unbearable intimacy of his *Self* (1951) with *Old Shoe*, his reaction to the Spanish



Ernst's *Napoleon in the Wilderness* underlines the density of a century.

Civil War. The simple objects—a shoe, a fork in an apple, a battered liquor bottle—are all suffused with echoes of Dada. One intensity: it is like looking into the furnace of memory.

The acceptance of surrealism has been unconscious and thorough. Through such mass media vehicles as graphics and films, contemporary audiences accept a cluster of surrealist techniques: improbable image combinations, quick cutaways and the tangible permeation of dream visions. To Ernst, a television screen showing an American car sitting on top of an impossibly high plateau in the desert would be just another chance encounter. Still, seeing these paintings is not entirely a recognition of our acquiescence to surrealism. The best paintings in the exhibition underline the various degrees of anxiety that seem a natural inheritance of the 20th century. Because the '80s show every indication of being a most anxious decade, the surrealists begin to look like new prophets in old clothes.

—ROBERT ENRIGHT



Every great Caesar has a silent partner.

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The Big Apple, worms and all

By Allan Fotheringham

One of the most pleasant experiences available to those of us in our charge is to spend Sunday brunch at Central Park, a place in Selfie down beyond Greenwich Village on the tip of Manhattan. It serves very nice scrambled eggs with sautéed omelette along with an astonishing little California wine that has been personally trumpeted by indignant surrogates; a string quartet plays in an alcove by the window, and the just dabbles in an art gallery. A recent one-man show—titled *Florida, Miami*—was by Merley Sader, the Canadian reporter who lit it up in Vietnam and is now a where as 60 Minutes. In a witty idea that will bring home of nostalgia to any jet-setter, a traveling salesman, his hobby is stitching the interiors of whatever Holiday Inn or plastic motel he is trapped in. Just a little throwaway idea that makes the New York of 1981, for all its frightening faults, a transferable feast for the eye, the ear, the mind and the, er, stomach.

I was talking one day during the restaurant and out in Ottawa with my old buddy Joe Schlesinger, the Washington City man who is a friend of some 30 years. Within two years of his escape from Canadiana across a frozen river he had asserted himself into the editorship of *The Express* of the University of British Columbia, the most feared college paper in the land, producing everyone from Lester B. Pearson to Pierre Berton to Rex Neil, Ron Younger, Val MacKenzie, Alexander Ross and spare carriers too named to mention Schlesinger and I have the best of relationships in that we meet one another in widely spaced accidental encounters—one day in Peking, when he was on the China beat, once in Paris, every drink or so in Vancouver. We were standing in our career rating spots (I plan to do in Pasadena, Italy, in account of they got no postal service), and Schlesinger allowed that the ideal location in the world was his longtime stamping ground of Paris.

Because, as he explained, standing

anywhere in the city, any impulse was available to him—cigarettes, a drink, a meal, a movie, a taxi, a pleasing street scene, a phone, everything was within a stride New York, the meager's feast, is the same. It's all there, a grasp away. There is a funny restaurant called Le Balais, on Madison not far from Central Park, which is badly disreputable, dispensing superb food and collects interesting people—urban United Nations relies at the next table, slightly fry natives with more sense of humor than money, young men pursuing their antiquarian sensuality. There is Duff's, a bar



lounge toy bar on East 54th, where, late at night, secondhand Broadway stars who didn't quite make it get up and do their day turns to the accompaniment of a piano player who resembles Boston Krutts' nurse brother. They do it every night, and the regulars—who prove that Dennis Hopper has not died—love it.

New York now—in its born-again state following the near-bankruptcy that genuinely threw a fright into its fright soul—has developed a new persona in the wake of its "I Love New York" campaign. It now resembles Paris and Rome in that most everyone out on the street feels they are on a stage. Gaudin, for example, is the opposite: the male sex, certainly for the male population, is to find a uniform that blends—like a camouflage in the jungle—into the grime and grey of the pavement and the weather. In New York, crowded streets are advertising signs—the goofy young ladies on roller skates, screaming down Fifth Avenue with

their floppy Walrusan headsets, waiting to be seen but shuffling out the world with stereo blasters in their earbuds. Off Central Park, the girl trying to beckon tourists into a cabaret ride wears a fur coat. The street people have to keep up appearances.

The bankers of London, who assume patron in movie houses have appeared. New York hosts the chap adjacent to the Museum of Modern Art who picks out sophisticated tastes on a steel drum, the guys who entertain Saturday shopping crowds with blasts of Bach from their brass quartet. The expensive women of New York, thinking fashion is more important than form, mask their bodies in those ridiculous padded coats filled with down, resembling Chinese peasants who've been given an \$800 expense account. In a city hyped on trends, they crowd into a country and westerns bistro called O'Leary's, where a girl with a bad voice that wouldn't pass in Moose Jaw is given respectful listening. At Eddie Condon's, if one has the supreme patience to withstand the band's interruptions for philosophical and well-to-do, the past improves with the down.

The point is that New York has come to terms with itself. It is a dreadful place to live—doors triple-locked, the sidewalk the fearful of venturing out after dark, the single women of the city carefully making their way through the robust city in the history of civilization as if it were an armed camp, wary of any black or Hispanic male on a lonely block or elevator. New York realizes it is essentially a public advertisement for itself—like the Roman man who may live in hovels but never ventures on the street in anything but lavish threads.

New York is the ultimate proof of the futility of materialism. Everything out front is desirable, the most attractive shops in Christendom decorated with Christmas lights before November has expired, the domains of suburbs coming down to Fifth Avenue so as to compare their Glaxo-Pacis. In the meantime, the disadvantages—in order, the disadvantageous in order, dark to wreak their revenge. There are some disadvantages to large cities



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